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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Has Mr. Churchill already begun to intrigue against the prospective premiership of Mr. Lloyd George? He called a sort of extraordinary meeting of the Government at Downing Street on Wednesday, summoning to it the Chief Whip of the party and the Attorney-General. Later a statement was made to the Press that, come what might, Mr. Churchill would see the thing through at Ulster Hall, Belfast. Twenty-four hours later he writes to Lord Londonderry that he is ready—for "the public liberties"—to see it through in some other hall instead! It is exactly what anyone might have expected of Mr. Churchill. His magnificent personal courage was never for a moment in doubt. Is it likely such a hero would quail at the thought of the 8th of February? Has not he and his whole party—except Mr. James Douglas of the "Morning Leader"—given it out to the world that the threats of Ulster are all pure "bluff"? Did they not confidently expect that the 8th at Ulster Hall would be the Day not of Baricades but of Sandwiches?

Should it turn out at the last moment that Mr. Birrell is unable to bring enough police on the scene, even at some other place of meeting than the Ulster Hall, to guard Mr. Churchill, Mr. Devlin, the Master of Elibank, and Lord Pirrie from the least overcrowding, we suggest an alternative. Why should not Lord Pirrie, the chairman of the meeting, hold it in his smoking-room under the Whitaker Wright lake at Lea Park? There, at any rate, he and his friends will be perfectly at their ease. Instead of bringing down trainloads of deer from Scotland to browse on the forests of High Button or Hindhead, why not bring down trainloads of Nationalists from Ireland? The soil of Surrey would suit them better than it can ever suit the deer.

The only difficulty that occurs to one is that if Lord Pirrie got his Irish down to Godalming, they might want never to go back again; and the Liberal, to do him justice, seems to want Home Rule not because he would keep the Irish but because he would be rid of them.

But there is a serious side to this mock-heroic display by Mr. Churchill and Lord Pirrie. Whatever else comes of the Belfast business, a slight without parallel has been put on the office of First Lord of the Admiralty. The Harbour Board of Belfast has been compelled to decline coldly Mr. Churchill's offer to visit the harbour on the morning of the 8th of February. Mr. Churchill, by exposing himself to this extraordinary rebuff, by inviting it, has degraded a very great public office. He is scarcely appointed to the highest post in the Navy, to a post which in a way is more influential than any other in the Empire, than he exposes it to this insult! It is as if the City of London had left the Chancellor of the Exchequer out of the list of guests at the Lord Mayor's Banquet.

We do not imagine for a moment that Mr. Churchill will mind this rebuff. It is quite possible he laughs over it as a capital jest. It may popularise him, for it is a great advertisement. But unfortunately it is the splendid prestige of the office that suffers, though the temporary holder of the office goes scot free, or even "scores" by it. The Home Secretaryship was injured in the same manner. Let us at least be thankful that we have in the Government men like the Prime Minister, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and the Presidents of the Board of Trade and Local Government Board, who can uphold the high dignity of public offices.

Sir Edward Grey, at North Sunderland, snubbed his Liberal critics effectively. He has, of course, made them angrier than ever, for there is nothing so irritating to a serious person as to be repressed like a naughty child. And these Radicals, who would fight Russia for Persian freedom, and Italy for Arab rights in Tripoli, and every other country for anybody's right except Britain's, are tremendously in earnest. They do not say they want war, but all they do say is sheer bluff if

they do not; and as they are a solemn lot they will hardly be bluffing. What would happen if this sort of person ever got control of Government? Why, precisely what Sir Edward Grey said; they would "soon leave us without a friend in Europe".

The Portuguese Legation naturally denied what we said last week as to probable, perhaps we might say pending, arrangements for the sale by the Portuguese Republic of certain of its colonies to Germany and options to this country as to others. The "Pall Mall Gazette", we note, recognised at once the great probability of such a deal; and the "Daily News" takes a similar view, connecting the visit of the German Colonial Minister to London with this matter rather than with diamonds. And this agrees with the report that the Cadbury firm has offered some £6,000,000 for San Thomé. In all quarters here, we observe, the deal we foreshadowed is regarded as a reasonable policy.

The German elections are now over, and the Socialists are the strongest party in the House. That fact has already begun to cause trouble. The Socialists are in a position to claim one of the Vice-Presidencies, if not the Presidency; but officials of the House attend Court functions, while the Socialists boycott the Emperor. Socialism will probably stick to its traditions in this matter, but critics are asking what is the good of Parliamentary strength if no positive use is to be made of it. The Conservatives are seizing this point and are beginning to take the view that the new Reichstag will settle once for all the question of a possible combination of all the parties of the Left. Such a combination, if it could hold together even when it had a majority, could make a fair effort to bring into German politics the revolutionary idea of ministerial responsibility. The question of a combination will now come up, and Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg may well have been thinking of a failure to achieve it when he cheerfully pointed out a few months ago that the new Reichstag would not be the end of all things.

Wednesday in Berlin was the bi-centenary of Frederick the Great—no ordinary festival for Prussia. The Kaiser remembered the verdict of his predecessor, William I.: "Everything which we regard as great and good in our country is based upon the foundations which Frederick the Great laid". Certainly Prussia owes everything to Frederick in the strict sense that applies to only a very few heroes of the nations. At first it seemed as if the Kaiser had been reading our own Carlyle: "The strength of nations rests on the great men who are born to them in the due time". But these words were Frederick's own. Superficially, it was a little strange that the Kaiser should deliver his memorial speech of a great soldier to the Prussian Royal Academy of Sciences. But there is nothing really strange in this. Some of us know Frederick better as the friend and correspondent of Voltaire than as the man who seized upon Silesia with the words: "When one has an advantage, should one use it, or not?"

It would appear, unfortunately, that Count von Aehrenthal really is seriously ill and that the rumour has not been invented merely to facilitate his retirement. There has undoubtedly been considerable friction, and the heir-apparent is stated to be inimical to his policy. Anyone who has conversed lately with Austrians of the upper classes must be aware how very bitter the feeling against Italy is. This, however, is a long way from taking military action to menace her frontiers. The Emperor will have no more wars if he can help it. It is amusing to find English journals who roundly abused the Count three years ago now slavishly belauding his talents and virtues.

The high-handed action of the Italians in seizing French steamers, and especially the last incident, when twenty-nine Turks were handed over by an error at the French Embassy in Rome, have threatened to inflame French opinion. But all these matters will be settled peaceably. Italy cannot afford to stir up more enemies than she has on her hands at present. She

has not really done any more violence to the feelings of neutrals than any other nation possessing sea-power has done or will do in the future. The rights of neutrals are likely to be regulated for a long time by the power of the belligerents to defy them.

Very absurd are the attempts now being made in the Radical Press to make out that, if the Naval Prize Bill had become law, all this friction might have been avoided. This is an entire perversion of the facts, flying machines being "conditional contraband", free if carried to a neutral port, liable to capture if bound for a belligerent's. Therefore, if at war with a Continental nation, we should have seen our flying machines seized without appeal, while those destined for our enemy would escape. It is a pity Liberal journalists do not study their own Bill, or, having done so, should misrepresent it.

The position in China was again overturned on Monday by a change in the attitude of Sun Yat-sen. This fresh misunderstanding is apparently due to jealousy or fear of Yuan. How deep the difficulty goes it is not possible to say; but it seems clear that at one time the Republicans suggested that Yuan should stand aside till the Republic was safe. Sun Yat-sen, in his anxiety for the Republic, has considerably weakened Yuan's position with the Manchus. Tieh-Wang, the Manchu who procured his dismissal in 1908, is back in Peking making the most of the situation. The Edict from the Palace on Thursday definitely postpones abdication, pending the National Convention.

In honouring Earl Grey, on his retirement as Governor-General of Canada, the Lord Mayor and his colleagues have done what should have been done elsewhere. Earl Grey's seven years in Canada finds no favour in cosmopolitan eyes: they were years when a great scheme which must have weakened Imperial ties was elaborated at Ottawa and endorsed in Downing Street. Earl Grey represents the spirit which the Canadian elections translated into solid fact. None knows better than the City what Sir Wilfrid Laurier's victory would have meant to the Empire and its business. The day is approaching, said Earl Grey, when the Canadians will be ready to assume the full status of partners in Imperial responsibilities as well as privileges. We should go further and say the day has arrived. It came with Mr. Borden's Premiership.

Mr. McKenna's speech at the Queen's Hall on Thursday will put heart into Churchmen. If this is the sort of man and this the sort of argument they have to fight, they need not fear greatly for the Church in Wales. They need fear nothing, would the Government let the question of Disestablishment go to the country. However, it is of good omen that Disestablishment is handed to a weak Minister, the rejected from the Admiralty. This is a very different thing from Mr. Asquith introducing the Bill himself. One remembers the fiasco of Mr. McKenna's Education Bill—the "sword" Bill. We had, of course, the old nauseous stuff at the Queen's Hall about no enmity to the Church etc. Cannot they drop this Puritan hypocrisy and come to business? The quality of Mr. McKenna's argument may be gauged by his description of tithe as a "creation of law" and a tax. Such ludicrous inaccuracy comes, we should suppose, from learning Liberationist pamphlets by heart.

A further good omen from this meeting is the silence of Mr. G. W. E. Russell. Mr. Russell was meant to be a protagonist on Thursday, but he spoke not at all. This means much. Mr. Russell stands for Liberal Churchmanship and the Gladstone tradition; and he is naturally a great asset to the Liberationists. But he does not care to follow Mr. McKenna's lead.

With Disestablishment well to the front, the Government majority was reduced at Carmarthen by nearly a thousand. The Independent Labour vote scarcely affected the election, Mr. Vivian polling less than 150.

Carmarthen has been a Radical seat since 1895, with a majority hitherto steadily rising. The candidates differ curiously in their estimate of the result on their contest of the Disestablishment campaign. The Unionist thinks it made against the Radical by estranging Churchmen; the Radical thinks it enabled him to beat the Unionist by whipping up the Nonconformists. These are pious opinions; but the fact stands that Disestablishment has been of little practical use to the Radicals, even in a Nonconformist constituency.

Mr. Runciman, as the "Daily News" reporter amusingly shows, is overhauling Lord Carrington—whilst Mr. Runciman no doubt will be duly overhauled by his successor at another office. The smallholder then must be small-owner. This is the absolute and accepted Conservative view. But there are more ways than Sir Isaac Holden's of doing it; and we should like to have Mr. Bonar Law's experience and plans before embarking on Sir Isaac's.

Meantime, the Committee on Small Holdings has reported. How its recommendations may work out in practice no mind can tell. For one thing the practice is a long way off. Home Rule and Disestablishment and Votes for Women and Votes for everybody hold the field. But how does it work out in principle? In principle Sir Isaac Holden plumps for individualism decidedly. How is this individualism to be carried out? Here again Sir Isaac is quite decided. Collectivism is the means by which individualism is to be carried. Smith is to be his own owner, his own master. He is to be the complete individualist.

Smith is no longer to rent his land from Brown, Jones and Evans—the State. That is collectivism. Let Smith, says Sir Isaac Holden, be independent of Brown, Jones and Evans henceforth; and so say most of the Commissioners. But how is he to be independent? Why, of course, by Brown, Jones and Evans advancing him the money with which to buy the land. It is a very interesting suggestion and there seems to be a good deal in it. One is left in doubt, however, whether it is a piece of individualism spatchcocked into the theory of collectivism or a piece of collectivism spatchcocked into individualism.

No doubt the Commissioners, if it were put to them, would say rightly enough that they did not sit down to hatch out any egg—an addled one, perhaps—of theory. They wished to get the best man best settled on the soil. That is what we all wish for, unless we are merely intent on injuring the landowner: and there really can be no doubt that the smallholders, to do anything with the land, must own it. Public ownership is being tried, and Mr. Runciman, by his trip to Dorset and elsewhere, practically admits that it has already failed. The county councils may be "gingered"—in Mr. Churchill's pretty language—but the rain not the less is coming through the roof, and the pigsty is in a dangerous condition.

Thomas Carlyle in youth would certainly have applied for the office of Principal Agent of the Unionist—or the Radical—party had it existed then. There are a great number of men, less promising than Carlyle, who doubtless consider themselves the very men for the machine which Mr. Percival Hughes has ceased to run. But it is—or was—a very hard machine, unless by happy chance you run it straight to victory. Sir John Gorst found it hard, Mr. T. C. Bartley could not make it move quite as he wished—or quite as his leaders wished. Commander Wells drove it rather too fast—naturally so, as he had been head of the Fire Brigade. Mr. Middleton grew tired, and exchanged it for furniture in Tottenham Court Road. These are names which might well give the ambitious tiro pause.

As for Mr. Hughes—who has retired with dignity—he really never was quite "that which is called a wirepuller". The expression was Lord Salisbury's, and we remember very well the curious irony which he threw

into the words when he presented them, together with the purse of gold, to Mr. Middleton in the Constitutional Club years ago. It is indeed a dubious kindness to say a man is an ideal wirepuller; and it also implies a sort of monstrous clashing of spiritual and material things. To be the entirely successful wirepuller or boss, a man must shed various qualities and tastes that make life worth living. Mr. Hughes has taste in literature and art. Now the art of the wirepuller, whatever his party, belongs to quite another category.

Mr. Keir Hardie is never wanting in frankness. If he speaks freely about the King, he does not mince matters about the Government. Speaking somewhere the other day, he dwelt on the difficulties and dangers Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment had in store for the Government; but these were nothing to the perils ambushed in Women's Suffrage. This he pronounced to be a far weightier matter than either of the others. It is plain he thinks it will give the Ministry its death-stroke; and he means it to, unless the Ministry give women votes by passing an Adult Suffrage Bill, every man and every woman having a vote. It is a pity he did not add "and every child". Why spoil the whole farce for the sake of a "littl' 'un"?

Mine-owners and miners from the English federated districts have been in conference at the Westminster Palace Hotel, discussing the vexed question of the minimum wage. No official information has been published of definite results reached by the Conference, but nothing had occurred far on in the week to suggest that the negotiations would break down. Nor does there seem essentially an insuperable difficulty. The Conference has brought into more prominence the fact that in many districts already a minimum wage is paid to coal-getters. It varies, and some mine-owners do not always pay it. To generalise this custom, but to leave the actual amount to be fixed in each district, may be possible. At the same time, the mine-owners at the Conference have naturally enough been insistent on safeguards for a fair day's work for the fair minimum wage. This is the real crux for the Conference, but it may be hoped that a scheme may come of it which will be acceptable to the Conference of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain which will meet in London next week.

If the Unions could be trusted to guarantee agreements as to minimum wages and fair work, this would considerably ease things. But unfortunately the reputation of Unionist workmen for observing agreements is considerably smirched. The leaders make terms and their constituents break them when they feel inclined. The doings of the cotton operatives in Lancashire are not persuasive to the mineowners. Only last week an agreement to resume work was made, and this week its terms are broken by the operatives. True it was only a truce for six or twelve months; but it was a definite agreement to wait for a plan of Sir George Askwith to settle finally, if possible, the difficulty about non-unionists. Instead of abiding by this the operatives are refusing to work with non-unionists; the very thing they had agreed not to raise trouble about in the meantime. In one case where the Unionist leaders sought to keep their members to the settlement, the men admitted they could not expect the Union to back them up, but they were none the less determined not to work with non-unionists.

The Lord Chamberlain having extended his jurisdiction into the theatres of variety, it is only natural that the L.C.C., hitherto sole monarch of the field, should consider whether their old supremacy is worth fighting for. Mr. Jesson gave notice this week of his intention to move that the Theatres and Music Halls Committee should consider whether it would not be better for all places of amusement in London to be under one licensing authority—that authority, of course, to be the L.C.C. Some of the points in Mr. Jesson's argument are good. Why should the Lord Chamberlain censor plays in the theatres of variety; yet forbear to censor

songs and patter? "To censor only plays is an insult to British dramatists." Mr. Jesson is also correct in saying that the tone and quality of the music halls have become greatly elevated during the past twenty years without any assistance from the Lord Chamberlain. But we cannot say this improvement has anything to do with the County Council.

Meantime there is another censored play this week. Apparently, the Lord Chamberlain and his Advisory Board have in this instance kept within their province. Whenever the Lord Chamberlain meddles with morality he not only invariably makes himself ridiculous, but exceeds the original intention of his office. Not morals, but manners—more especially political manners—was the business Walpole had in mind when he saddled British drama with a censor. Whether it is in the best interests of British drama to be compelled to have nice manners, or not, is beside the point, so far as the Censor himself is concerned. It is his simple duty to see that it has. He was therefore within his province in dealing with the "Pains and Penalties" of Mr. Laurence Housman; and the new play has, apparently, been banned for similar reasons.

At the critics' dinner on Monday Mr. Sidney Low, wisely perhaps, did not attempt to shirk the obvious. Speaking of criticism, is it possible to avoid Disraeli, or to resist putting beside Disraeli's contempt of the critic the high conception of Matthew Arnold as to his function? Of the majority of critics Mr. Low thinks that Disraeli's "failed in literature or art" is an understatement. Why should the critic not be a person who has failed as a cheesemonger? Is it not as easy—certainly it is not quite so useful—to cut the middle out of book or play, peppering the extract with a few sentences of praise or censure, as to cut cheese or soap with a string? How many critics of the "Œdipus" at Covent Garden have not thought it their duty within the last few days to tell the story of Laius? Laius was a king of Thebes, and he had a son whose name was Œdipus, and so forth. Cutting cheese is a "far, far better thing"—as Mr. Martin Harvey might say.

Nevertheless, Disraeli's brilliant gibe does not dispose of the critic. Good criticism in art or letters is neither more nor less original than good production. It is true that Keats brought undying shame—quite undeservedly—upon a Quarterly Reviewer. But did not Lord Macaulay bring undying fame to Mr. Robert Montgomery's Poems? Is Walter Pater's appreciation of Coleridge the work of one who has failed in literature? Really the merits as between critic and artist are capable of very simple statement. When a first-rate mind gives itself to the contemplation of life or of literature, of nature or of the painted canvas, the result is of some value for his time and for posterity. But the third-rate critic is exactly on a level with the third-rate author of the third-rate book or picture he is criticising. His work is neither of more account, nor less.

After nearly fifty years the Wellington Monument in S. Paul's is complete. On Thursday Alfred Stevens' design, the equestrian figure of the Duke being now added, could be seen entire. Mr. Tweed's task—to finish the group on the lines and in the spirit of the unfinished model left by Stevens—was a very difficult one; and he is to be congratulated on its completion. This is a long and rather curious story. Others had tried and failed to get the monument finished. Governments have been approached in vain. In July 1902 a small committee of five—with Dr. Lang (then Bishop of Stepney, now Archbishop of York) as chairman and Lord Hardwicke as treasurer—set to work to collect the money. This has been done privately, and at length the work is complete. Lord Hardwicke's death was a painful set-back to the movement, but Mr. Gervase Beckett filled the breach. Another shock was Dr. Lang's translation to York, but, again, the gap was well filled, Canon Scott Holland gallantly coming forward.

MR. CHURCHILL'S DISCRETION.

LATE on Thursday Mr. Churchill turns discreet. He perceives there is nothing in a hall. In any other place in Belfast his voice will sound as sweet as in Ulster Hall. So why all this to do? A happy ending, indeed. We congratulate Mr. Churchill on his acumen. He foresaw and forestalled the inevitable. But it is not a case of hot coals on Lord Londonderry's head; nor is the Ulster Unionist Council shamed. To them this hall or that, so far from being indifferent, was everything. The proposal to hold a meeting at which a member of the Cabinet would explain the Government's intentions with regard to Ireland seems to plain Englishmen, ignorant of the inflammable and explosive nature of Irish politics, reasonable enough. And no one would have had anything to say against it if the town chosen had not been Belfast, the place in that town the Ulster Hall, and the speaker Mr. Winston Churchill on the subject of Home Rule. Here indeed we had one of those perfect combinations, like that described by Henley—

"The time and the place and the loved one all together"

—in a word, a conjunction which could not fail to produce something like a conflagration. With the indignation of the loyal Ulstermen at this proposal we are in complete sympathy. Where there is a question of Home Rule the Ulster Hall is sacred ground; and to the Ulster mind, and indeed to the mind of any calm outsider, there is something both impudent and impious in the proposal that this temple of Unionism should be profaned by the son of the man who assisted at its consecration. The Scotch-Irish population of Belfast is perhaps the most inflammable element in a country of combustibles; and it was madness to think of braving them in this way. In politics as in anything else, once you break through the surface of opinion and get down to the passions of humanity, the sense of dignity or decency and the force of the law itself stand for very little. With the men of Ulster this is not an affair of opinion, it is an affair of deep conviction and determination, and Sir Edward Carson, in representing them, has to express the passion they feel. Home Rule is a thing which the people of Ulster simply will not have at any price; and we are entirely in agreement with them. We have already heard too much of the tag "Ulster will fight and Ulster will be right"; it is a pity that the order of the two statements is not reversed. Ulster is right not because she will fight; she will fight because she is right. If any is reluctant to strike first, there is such a thing as undue and intolerable provocation; and in that case the guilt rests not on the outraged and indignant striker of the blow, but on the cool and calculating tormentor whose words or actions have provoked it.

Unfortunately it is possible to be right not for the strongest reasons; and one of the worst features of a row of this kind is that it obscures the real issues, and too often drives the contest into the wrong field. It is no use disguising the fact that the chief objection in Ulster to Home Rule is the religious objection; and this, in our view, is one of the least real of the numberless arguments against separation. The Ulster people have got it fixed firmly in their heads that Home Rule will mean "Rome Rule", and that the loyal Presbyterians of Ulster will be trodden under the heel of Roman Catholics. This is exaggeration. That the Roman Church makes too large an incursion into the political affairs of her own people in Ireland is undoubtedly true, but she has never seriously influenced or coerced people outside her own communion there. Moreover the Roman Catholics in Ulster are in such an extreme minority that it would be impossible for them to coerce in any way the population in whose hands practically the whole wealth and trade of the province lies. Such Roman Catholics as there are in Ulster at present suffer no disability at the hands of the Protestants; and if they in their huge majority do not grind the Catholics under their heel, or persecute them because of their faith (and the Protestants in Ireland are really

as intolerant as the Catholics), how much less likely is it that under Home Rule the small Catholic population in Ulster would oppress the Protestants? In our judgment Home Rule is much more likely to lead to a violent anti-clericalism, degenerating into anti-Christianity—one more reason for our refusing to consider Home Rule in any form. The real objections to Home Rule are much graver and quite different. They rest, first, on the absolute impossibility of one of these islands, occupying so important a strategic position as Ireland, being under a different Government from the rest; on the impossibility of England sheltering within the bend of her own elbow a country whose interests are not absolutely bound up with her own. There is also the simple fact that the Irish as a nation have so far given no evidence whatever of being able to govern themselves. In a question like this the national temperament cannot be ignored, especially when it is so dominating as it is in the case of the Irish. Ireland has given us leaders and poets and warriors without number, but she has not given us many statesmen. It is the Irish genius to lead rather than to govern, to be enthusiastic rather than judicial, to have passion rather than judgment. In all the more brilliant human qualities the Irish excel; but in the humdrum business of government, which is an endless series of patient adjustments and compromises, they do not excel. As almost everything else under our tortured political régime—as commerce, as finance, as service administration—what Ireland wants is no surgical operation but a rest, a rest in which the economic education founded by Sir Horace Plunkett, the agrarian settlement established by Mr. George Wyndham, and the quiet and steady education of the people in local self-government under the schemes of the County Councils and Local Government Board, can come to their harvest and fruition. But rest in any shape or form is what the present Government will not vouchsafe to any class or interest which it can sting and irritate into anger.

THE EMPIRE AND THE ATLANTIC CABLES.

BRITISH statesmen, apparently, cannot see that the “nerves”, which are the cables, and “circulation”, which is the ocean, of our highly complex political organism must be controlled by its brain, or it cannot live. This country admitted this by prompt State action when, in 1903, the “circulation” was threatened at a vital point. Before the menace to the “nerves” in 1911 we drifted. Why was that? The reasons which led us to save the Cunard Company from absorption in an American Trust should have led us to save the Atlantic cables from a similar fate. Let our present Government answer. All the thirteen Atlantic cables—every one made and laid by this country—are now under American control.

Like most other deadly blows to our supremacy, we had ample warning that it was coming. For the trouble began long ago, when facilities were granted to American cable companies in England which are denied to British cable companies in the United States, such, for instance, as liberty to open receiving offices, lease land lines, and hand telegrams into the post office without restriction. The result was that, on the other side, American enterprise came to own or control all the feeders of the British ocean cables. The absorption of these was merely a question of time, and that arrived a year ago, when the Western Union Telegraph Company united with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, whose total capital amounts to £100,000,000 sterling. The other great American corporation, the United States Commercial Cable Company, has a working agreement with the Postal Telegraph Company and the Canadian Pacific Railway. Hence the fast Atlantic news service by land and sea between this country and North America is entirely in the hands of two gigantic American combinations.

To read the leasing agreement by which this situation has been brought about is to realise the voluntary powerlessness of the Government. No case which will

bear examination was made out for a change involving grave risks to British interests alone. On the financial side the arguments put forward by Mr. Theodore Vail deceived no one who did not want to be deceived. As for his assurances that the national character of the British companies has not altered by the deal, what are they worth? British officials exclusively may be employed at landing points on British territory, but if they do not obey the orders of their new master it is clear that they will be replaced by others more complacent. Equally shadowy is the security as to rates. True, since 1881 there has been no rise, but the credit for that was mainly due to competition, from which the British factor is now eliminated.

The subserviency of Ministers to the Trust is a reversal of national policy. In the first place, they have allowed vital British communications to pass out of British ownership; in the second place they have violated the recognised principle of control at cable terminals. For the British Government has heretofore maintained that there is little strategic value in cables which land or touch on foreign territory. It even recommended the Commonwealth to pass legislation empowering the Federal authority in time of war to assume control of the Australian terminals of foreign cables. But it allows an American trust to lease all the British Atlantic cables with conditions which are illusory. It is impossible not to see in the leasing arrangement with the Western Union another link in the chain which was to establish Free Trade in the North American continent, and it is the only one forged. The Canadians will have none of Reciprocity, the Americans of Arbitration. Are we less far-sighted and patriotic than they?

Having thus played into the hands of the Trust as if they were willing tools, the public is now asking Ministers how they intend to perform the function for which they exist. The landing licences originally granted to the British companies not yet having been transferred, as Mr. Bright pointed out in his recent address to the London Chamber of Commerce, the Postmaster-General has made a bargain which, in ordinary circumstances, would be cordially welcomed. But, confronted by a crisis in the Atlantic fast news service, such reforms as letter telegrams and cheaper rates for deferred messages in plain language are wholly inadequate. Press telegrams which can await their turn are of no use whatever. For, once the licences are transferred, how is the Government to prevent the tax on Imperial intelligence from rising, or how is it to bring about the necessary further reductions? But even if Mr. Samuel makes the most of his slender advantage, the gravity of the position will remain. For cheap rates are not the only consideration in a news service, any more than cheap goods in a fiscal policy. For instance, is it not time that Canada were freed from bondage to a trust which in New York manipulates British news in the American interest? In the West Indies the scandal is even more serious, since submarine communication with them is the dearest in the world, and while many of the links are missing, those in existence, with a single exception, are under foreign control. Even if a conflict between this country and the United States is a contingency our statesmen childishly refuse to consider, they cannot deny that cheap and rapid communication is as essential to diplomacy and commerce as to war. But they have put themselves in the position of being unable to speak by wire to Canada, Newfoundland, or the West Indies without interested eavesdroppers. In delicate negotiations, when vital issues are at stake, messages are bound to be subjected to foreign scrutiny, and not necessarily at the point of landing. It may be established anywhere in the United States. Can anything be conceived more likely to bring about strained relations in a crisis? As for the social and economic purposes served by strategic cables, they are plain to every Great Power but ourselves.

An all-British cable system is the only remedy. From the first a State-owned electric girdle to form the trunk line of the Empire was advocated by the pioneers of

all-British communications, but it has taken more than forty minutes to do it. With growing insistence the Premiers have brought up the question at every Conference, so far without making any impression on the present Government. The irony of the situation is that the Royal West Indian Commission, appointed by themselves with a Free Trader at its head, advised public ownership of British cables in the Caribbean as well as in the Atlantic, and on the grounds made familiar to us by the Dominion Premiers. Experience proves that the tendency of monopoly is always to raise the tariff, of State enterprise to lower it. Before the long struggle for the construction of the Pacific cable began, the rate to Australia was 9s. a word, and at every suggestion for its reduction the companies cried ruin. It is now 3s. a word, and they are still flourishing. So, too, the reform initiated by the Pacific Cable Board, cheapening the press rate to Australia by 3d. a word, brought about a similar reduction in the press rate to India and South Africa over private-owned wires.

The machinery for the execution and administration of the Atlantic cable is ready to hand in the Pacific Cable Board, which has discharged its trust so wisely that it is now laying a line from Australia to New Zealand, which is expected to produce a revenue of £14,000 a year. The total cost of an all-British chain would be under £3,000,000, surely not a large sum for a partnership of five rich Governments. Mr. Bright suggests in the December number of the "Empire Review" that as the cables are strategic the expenditure on them should appear in the Naval Estimates. Mr. Deakin, who sees them from the Imperial point of view, would pay for them out of a development fund created for the purpose of providing the Empire with effective communications by levying a duty of 1 per cent. on foreign trade. Then there is the precedent of the Pacific cable, which is practically paying its own way.

GERMAN PARTIES AND THE REICHSTAG.

THIS has been an important election as German elections go. As a general rule a Reichstag quarrels with the Government towards the third year of its existence. It is then dissolved, and the Government appeals to the country to support a specific programme, the various parties taking up positions along a line ranging from emphatic endorsement to uncompromising opposition. The last Reichstag followed precedent by quarrelling with the Government, but, contrary to precedent, it was not dissolved. It lived through its five sessions, and when the elections came there was no specific programme for the country to endorse. All the Government could do was to suggest that all parties should combine against the opponents of the present Imperial system, and it was on this broad issue that the election was mainly fought. Of the seats won at the first ballot all but four went to Conservatives, Centre and Socialists. None of these parties troubles much about shaping a policy in the English sense of the word. The Conservatives and the Centre stand broadly for obedience to the established Government; the Socialists for disobedience to it. This rough and ready attitude suits the average German, destitute as he is of the practical Parliamentary instinct. Even in the second ballots, where it has been necessary to seek for compromise on definite lines, the Radicals have secured a good many of their seats by taking what is really the Socialist line of direct opposition to the ruling bureaucracy.

The election has thus revealed with exceptional clearness why the Reichstag counts for so little in modern Germany. It is because the average elector has no political opinions. He has only a political faith. He likes or dislikes the Empire as at present constituted, but he cannot formulate an Imperial policy. He can only say Yes or No to a policy which the Government formulates for him; and as he is really proud of his new Empire, it has been, and still is, safe to assume

that in the last resort he will say Yes. But there is another circumstance which prevents the average German from taking an Imperial view. It is that German parties are older than the Empire, and are thus not Imperial but local. Sometimes they are intensely local—Poles, Guelphs, Alsations, and Danes; but even the greater parties can only pretend to be comprehensive. The Conservatives are supreme in the North-West; the Centre throughout the Catholic fringe; the Socialists in the non-Catholic towns. Outside their special areas these parties hardly exist at all; within them they are mutually exclusive. Thus Conservatives and Centre never clash; and even the Centre and the Socialists, the two great rivals for the popular vote, only met in twelve second ballots. One party, indeed, National Liberalism, owes its origin to the industrial development which the Empire made possible. It therefore has groups of supporters everywhere; but, having no local roots it cannot win seats without foreign aid.

From the Parliamentary point of view, Germany is still only a geographical expression. Viewed from without she is formidably united; viewed from within she is not one State but many. This is the key to German domestic politics. There is a Germany and a German Emperor and a German Government, but there is not a German party; the Reichstag is a collection of local groups. What, then, are the prospects of German unity—still, be it remembered, a new possession won by force, and, to the mind of the average official, not quite secure—if supreme power passes into the Reichstag's hands? The Imperial Government naturally trembles at the idea. Its supports are the Army and the bureaucracy, not the Parliament. The Socialists, however, propose to turn the bureaucracy upside down and to make the Army the servant instead of the master in the State. That, proclaims the Government, must destroy German unity, and accordingly it invites all parties to make common cause against the Social Democrats. The invitation has been given regularly at every election, and never, not even in 1907, has it met with a general acceptance. This year a third of the electorate voted for what the Government regards as the destruction of German unity. What is the Government to make of that?

It will make very little of it. The German Government exists to command voters not to bargain with them. In the last resort voters may be disfranchised for disobedience, but the Government remains. This point of view, so unnatural to the Englishman, is part of the Bismarckian tradition. Bismarck unified Germany in open defiance of Liberalism; his first years as Imperial Chancellor were occupied with a conflict in which he taught the Centre its place; and when he resigned he was busy with plans for smashing the Socialists, whose very existence he had once endeavoured to forbid. The lesser men who have followed him cling to his theories of political discipline, and the Emperor, who at the beginning of his reign did his best to come to an understanding with Labour, has been embittered by the Socialists' rejection of his overtures. In face of this official intolerance the average working man, feeling hurt that he should be fobbed off with a vote which means nothing, finds himself drawn towards the Socialists, who, however deeply they may be divided on questions of policy, are at least of opinion that power lies in the ballot-box. It is something of a marvel to the Englishman that the Government should thus create discontent. But that is the German temperament. On the one hand, the bureaucracy does not want to have a popular backing; on the other the people have been unable to frame a scheme of policy such as practical administrators could discover; and the rift between opinion and officialism thus widens with every election. It only remains for the Government to put an end to the notion of any sort of partnership between Ministers and deputies by ceasing to issue semi-official appeals to an electorate which is deaf to official commands.

There are many Conservatives who would like to see some such policy adopted. Let the Reichstag once

understand that it is nothing more than a talking shop, they say; give it absolute freedom of debate, but, at the utmost, no more than a suspensory veto in legislation; and these squabbles will cease. That would be no more than a logical development of the present system under which the Government is regularly put to the trouble of a dissolution before it can get its way. Towards the close of his career Bismarck would have given a hearing to a proposal of this sort, but the present Government would prefer to keep things as they are. Their attitude is determined by the fact that the Reichstag offers the best field for maintaining an understanding with the Centre. Here we come upon one of the most interesting aspects of contemporary German politics. The Hohenzollern Empire is a revival of the Hapsburg Empire of the Middle Ages, but the old limbs have been attached to a new heart. The core of Germany is Protestant, but the traveller entering Germany from the East, the South, or the South-West comes upon a Catholic country. Clearly there could be nothing more fatal to German unity than an absence of cohesion between the heart and the limbs, and Berlin has long been haunted by a fear of conflict between its own military organisation and the ecclesiastical organisation controlled from Rome. The existence of the Reichstag enables such a conflict to be avoided. It happens occasionally, in the 70's for instance and again in 1907, that there is a breach between the Government and the Centre, but the fact that the Catholic strongholds resist bureaucratic assault brings the Government to reason. Confronted with a force as mighty as its own, it seeks for compromise. And here the Reichstag comes in useful; it enables the Centre to have some voice in the shaping of Imperial policy, while leaving to Prussian officialism the control of the Imperial administration.

Holding these views, the Centre can almost always come to a working agreement with the Conservatives. Both parties are satisfied with a weak Reichstag, the only difference between them being that the Conservatives are prepared to dispense with the Reichstag altogether. Frank expressions of anti-Parliamentary opinion, like the famous speech of the Conservative who recently observed that the Emperor could at any time send down a corporal and ten men to close the House, are rather welcomed by the parties of the Left. For the Centre, the prop of the present ambiguous status quo, they reserve their most violent denunciations; and it is in Catholic constituencies that there is sometimes realised, for election purposes, that dream of German constitutionalism and combination of all the left "from Bassermann to Bebel". If such a combination ever came into existence as a majority in the Reichstag and were able to establish itself as a fact in German politics, something interesting, and alarming, would happen. Prince Buelow feared it and was driven by his fears to quarrel with the Centre and enlist National Liberal support. His successor appears to incline to the view that a few Socialist successes will drive the capitalists to the Government side. If he is right, the fact is another illustration of the German politician's lack of Parliamentary instinct. The Reichstag has real power over finance, and the National Liberals like not the new taxes. Their logical policy is thus to use their power as a balancing factor against the Government until a satisfactory budget is introduced. We shall soon see whether, in the delicate balance of parties in the new House, they will seize their opportunity; but the chances are that they will vote the new defence bills unconditionally.

DELIRANT REGES: PLECTUNTUR SERES.

SUN YAT-SEN and his adherents will be more fortunate than they deserve if their latest fantasy does not recoil to their undoing. Many thought they were pushing contention beyond the limit of wisdom in insisting on a form when the substance had been attained. But the limit had surely been reached when the Throne consented to abolish itself in deference to their demand. The change implied was vast, and a course of procedure was carefully devised to preclude

disaster. Nanking might represent a measure of authority in the South, but no Edict would avail to give it immediate control over the North. But continuity must somehow be ensured; and the obvious method of ensuring it was by prolonging the authority of Yuan Shih-kai. An Edict was accordingly to be issued, ordering him to constitute a Republic; whereupon the assembly at Nanking would elect him Provisional President, and the Emperor would abdicate. It was necessary that Sun Yat-sen should resign in order to facilitate this arrangement, and he had earned praise by consenting to do so. But in an attempt, apparently, to paint the lily he has risked destroying the flower. There is distrust of Yuan among the Republicans—due measurably, perhaps, to his championship of the Manchus, but measurably also, perhaps, to a suspicion that personages who feel important may become less so with his appearance on the scene. The alleged fear is that he will make himself Dictator. Some perhaps may really fear lest he should use power to re-affirm the monarchy. At the last moment, at any rate, when the Edicts were ready for launching, a demand was put forward that he should in some way efface himself. What the demand was is not yet clear. We were told at first that it implied transfer of Authority direct to the Government at Nanking, and a pledge that Yuan should stand aside till the Republic had been recognised by the Powers. It does not seem to have occurred to its authors that such niggling might dissuade the Powers from recognising them at all; or that a Dictatorship might appear to onlookers the one thing precisely that China needs. But they do appear to have seen that they had gone too far; for a conciliatory telegram is said to have been subsequently despatched, suggesting an alteration merely in the wording of the proposed Decree, "in order to obviate misunderstanding" about the nature of the powers which the Throne, in abdicating, would confer on Yuan Shih-kai! But the first message had had the effect that might have been foreseen by practical men. Yuan must have strained his influence to the utmost to bring about the great changes proposed. It remains to be seen whether this fresh contention has not strained the cord to breaking-point; for it has given excuse and opportunity to the irreconcilables among the Manchu clique. It is not to be supposed that such a supreme step had been agreed to unanimously. Love of power, and a conviction that the welfare of unborn millions is bound up in its possession by existing holders, is not confined to the West. The consent to abdicate simply means that a sufficiently influential party had been persuaded that abdication was the wisest alternative. The niggling attempt to add condition to condition was exactly calculated to let loose tempers that had been hardly restrained; and the arrival at Peking of Tieh Liang, ex-Boxer leader, ex-Minister of War, ex-Tartar General at Nanking, and active enemy of Yuan Shih-kai, was precisely timed to give them a lead. It may be doubted whether Yuan can retain his ascendancy: it may be doubted even whether he will try; for he stands to be shot at from both sides. Revolutionary Extremists tried to murder him because he stood out, at first, for the Monarchy. Now, Manchu Extremists speak of killing him because he negotiated surrender to the Revolution. In China, as elsewhere, it is the unexpected that often happens; and he may persuade the Empress to modify the terms of abdication in a sense implying distrust of himself; or he may fail; or he may abandon the attempt and retire afresh to his home in Honan.

But the perplexities are not only political. Both sides may congratulate themselves on the possession of disciplined troops and arms of precision. But pay is a condition of discipline, and armament is a condition of efficiency; and the one thing needed to provide either is conspicuously lacking. Both coffers are empty, and forced contributions are finding favour on both sides. It was stated not long ago that Yuan had persuaded the Empress Dowager to provide Tls. 3,000,000, and again, at an audience on Tuesday, he is said to have hinted that the princes should sink their differences and

whole-heartedly provide funds before resuming action. Princes and officials were invited some weeks ago to subscribe for "Patriotic Bonds"; but officials who had paid heavily for their posts appeared deficient in the gratitude to which this further appeal was made. The Manchus are said to be more willing, so that funds may be forthcoming for the moment; and there are undoubtedly in Peking hoards that might conceivably be commandeered. But the Revolutionaries are less fortunate; for their Benevolences, pushed too far, might raise a doubt in the popular mind as to the benefit resulting from their rule. Attempts to extort money have been made, even in Shanghai. A prince of the ex-royal family of Korea was inveigled some weeks ago into the native city and forced to hand over a bank deposit receipt—payment of which was, of course, stopped next day. Wealthy Chinese ex-officials residing in the city have been forced to contribute to the revolutionary funds. Endeavour has been made, with some promise apparently of success, to obtain a loan from a financial company in Japan. Reports have been current of attempts to mortgage a railway in Chekeang, and of a purpose to mortgage property belonging to Shen Kung-pao (of State Railway fame) at Shanghai. The legality, however, of the bond which could be given on such security may not seem to lenders unimpeachable. Still less likely to commend itself is the demand which is said to have been addressed to the China Merchants' Steam Navigation Company for Tls. 10,000,000, under threat of commandeering and selling the ships; as it does not clearly appear what title could be given if willing purchasers could be found.

There might be an element of humour in the spectacle of a Republican Government, elected avowedly to remedy misgovernment, sustaining itself by such means. But there is grim sadness in the hint which it conveys of what may happen if hostilities are renewed. It is said that the bulk of the Revolutionary recruits at Canton are pirates and robbers; and their enlistment has been defended as a (Chinese) method of keeping them in hand. It appears not to have been entirely successful, as certain daily murders are debited to their account; and Sun Yat-sen was asked, when passing through, what could be done to restrain them. "Send them", he is reported to have answered, "to Shanghai, and I will get them trained into good men." The sentiment is beautiful, but people who know anything about Cantonese pirates would regard with apprehension the failure of funds before perfection has been attained. Already brigandage is rife, and the prospect of what might happen if the armies arrayed on either side get out of hand impels one to hope, in spite of every disappointment, that a settlement of some kind will be reached. Between the leaders who have been fighting for an ideal, and seem in danger of quarrelling afresh, are the countless patient and toiling millions who demand only peace and security and the creation of an authority that will protect them against lawlessness and crime. It is no exaggeration to say that the land cries out for peace.

THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT.

AFTER nearly fifty years! Do not we English value our great men? The greatest work of our greatest sculptor—an artist among the greatest of any age and any nation—being the national memorial to a national hero, the conqueror of the invincible, acclaimed the saviour of his country and of Europe, is not finished until half a century after it was begun, and more than thirty years after the artist's death. For thirty years Sovereign, Court, Government, society, aristocracy, the Army, the Royal Academy (save Leighton), the Dean and Chapter of the Metropolitan cathedral, are content to leave the Duke of Wellington's monument in St. Paul's an unfinished truncated mass. Anyone who can spare a moment from his pleasure or his money, and thinks it worth the energy to turn into St. Paul's and look at the monument with the surmounting equestrian figure can see, must see, how utterly the design was spoilt without it. We can afford our thousands, our gilt and our gold, for Albert Memorials and

Victoria Memorials; we can shower knighthoods and honours on the successful art-contractor who piles up stone to order and to time; we can collect vast sums for the artist of despicable coins and stamps to waste on yet another big bad statue in London; but we cannot remember Alfred Stevens' unfinished monument to Wellington, and give with difficulty when reminded. "Unfinished and forgotten" came very near to be the proper epitaph for Stevens and his work.

In all these things there is a certain propriety to be observed. It was not the right thing, doubtless, for five men, even though one of them was a bishop and another a peer, to attempt to fill the gap, to rush in where others had feared, to try to do what their betters had left undone or tried to do and failed. Lord Leighton saves the Academy from absolute dishonour in this matter, for it was he who got the monument moved from the recess where it had been put away as unworthy of being seen in full, a thing to be doubtful of, perhaps to be apologised for a little, to the place in the open for which its designer meant it. Leighton also took steps to get the monument completed; but they came to nothing. Certain sums were got together, and some of those who moved then have most loyally supported the small committee who have at length been able to see this thing through. But apart from Leighton the Academy stands condemned. The guardian of British art, the champion of British artists, could do nothing for the greatest work of Alfred Stevens. Sir Edward Poynter's futile application to the Government after Lord Hardwicke had got from Lord Salisbury what was practically a declaration that they would do nothing, an application made behind the committee which was already at work, redeems nothing. Stevens was a genius, which explains all. With him nothing went smooth; when he had to do with that rasping Philistine, Ayrton, whom Mr. Gladstone with his wonderful touch for art made First Commissioner of Works, everything went exceedingly rough. And it seems that nothing ever will go smooth with anything connected with Stevens. The little factious opposition, the efflorescence of silly letters in the "Times" and other papers, which the Committee at first had to meet, matters nothing now. It caused delay; so these gentlemen got something for their pains after all. They are quite entitled to say the Committee was a very long time about its job. It was; but the main thing after all is to do it in the end. Setting out on an undertaking which those who ought to have taken it up had shied at and those who had tackled had failed in, five private adventurers naturally, and it seems to us wisely, trod warily and wished to see their way before they moved. Speed was not the great thing; progress was. At any rate, the Wellington Monument Completion Fund Committee sees its work accomplished; neither has it had to go across the water for one penny. This figure of a British soldier by a British sculptor has been paid for by all-British money.

We do not associate with the factious opposition we spoke of above the criticism of those who would have preferred a facsimile of the model left by Stevens to any figure finished by someone else, however loyally to Stevens' design. That is the choice of some scholarly and eminent critics and enthusiastic lovers of Stevens. We will not here discuss Mr. Tweed's work: it stands: it speaks for itself. But it is right to say that, whatever anybody may have wished, the model as left by Stevens could not be put up and remain permanently in the cathedral. To that alternative there was a prohibitive obstacle. If anyone says, then leave the monument unfinished as it was, we cannot agree. Go to St. Paul's and see is the right answer to that suggestion.

There is more than a touch of romance, squalid though it be, about the story of this figure of the Duke on his horse. In the beginning the design was accepted by a sort of lucky accident in spite of a Philistine committee of mid-Victorian judges, who did not give it a prize. We look back with some pride to the contemporary SATURDAY REVIEW, where we find that we said "not one of the prize designs was fit to be executed", and, referring to Stevens, "the best design has been

selected; the highest skill has been commissioned.") Wrestling for the rest of his life with men who could neither understand nor sympathise with him, as he could neither understand nor sympathise with them, the sculptor dies, maybe by his own hand, poor, embittered, and worn out with the struggle, his work unfinished. The model of the horse and rider is bought at a common auction of the artist's "effects" for a song by a sort of superior mechanic, who to his eternal honour cared for his master's work which his betters disregarded. The duke's head is severed from the body and kept in one place, the truncated body and the horse are left to lie—in another forgotten lumber—in the dust of the cathedral crypt. So it lay for years, this work of genius, unremembered below, while Academicians thrived amazingly above whose work now is worth about as many pence as then it was sold for pounds. Stevens, Turner—our greatest sculptor and our greatest painter—die, both of them, mortified by neglect. Need a man care one straw what his contemporaries think of him? Now we have an Alfred Stevens Society; and Turner—who can put a price upon his work?

THE CITY.

BUSINESS on the Stock Exchange this week has run in grooves, with a distinct falling-off in the volume of transactions. The weather, the labour disputes, international politics, and the insidious influence of a nineteen-day account have combined to prevent the public from taking any active interest in the markets, and professional dealings have been confined to a few departments in which special attractions or distractions were to be found.

In Home Rails alternate hopes and fears regarding dividends and labour have caused irregular fluctuations. In view of current and prospective difficulties in the railway world it is not surprising that some boards of directors have refrained from declaring higher dividends; consequently the increased distributions made by the South-Eastern, Chatham and Brighton lines have given great satisfaction; but these lines are naturally the least affected by the cotton and coal disputes. The Lancashire and Yorkshire could have paid more than 5 per cent., but the placing of £25,000 to reserve as against no such allocation last year was considered a wise policy. Having regard to the uncertainties of the moment, dealings in Home Rails have taken the form of day-to-day speculation, profits being promptly secured and losses quickly cut.

The stocks affected by the proposed 'bus-tube fusion have naturally had a declining tendency owing to realisations by bulls who had nothing to hold on for after the scheme had been officially announced. Had it not been for the opposition to the scheme of one of the L.G.O. directors, the matter would have passed out of discussion by now. As it is, Omnibus shareholders have only two courses open to them. They can sell their Omnibus stock at the current market quotation or they can accept the offer made by the Speyer group. As the intrinsic value of the Underground Income bonds and the one-shilling shares offered them is open to argument, and can only be proved by future results, perhaps the wiser choice would be to sell their Omnibus stock; but unless some unexpected legal obstacle arises, the scheme will assuredly be carried through. Even those who are opposed to the scheme on principle admire its fundamental simplicity: there are no resolutions to be approved or rejected; it is merely an offer to purchase on terms which may be accepted or not, and as there is no doubt that the majority will accept, only some legal technicality can upset the calculations of the Speyer group.

The American market now looks a little firmer, the chief argument in its favour being the fact that the bull account in Wall Street is very small. Canadian railroad stocks are attracting very little attention, and foreign railway securities are less in evidence. Argentines remain dull, as it now appears that the result of the strike may be disadvantageous to the companies, although it is certain that as soon as the train services are resumed big traffics will be carried for some weeks.

Mexican railway issues were depressed in the last few days by indefinite rumours of "trouble" in the Republic for which no basis of fact could be discovered. Less interest was taken in Brazil Railway stock, which, however, continued relatively firm, thanks to demand from Paris, where a "press campaign" is being carried on by banks interested in the company.

In the Miscellaneous market West India and Panama Telegraph shares have been a feature of strength, it being understood that a big cable company contemplates purchasing control in view of the increase of business expected when the Panama Canal is opened. Marconi shares are much quieter owing to profit-taking, although it is understood that a provisional agreement between the company and the Post Office has just been or will immediately be signed. Hudson's Bay shares advanced sharply on rumours of a share-splitting scheme, while the results of the fur sales on Monday were very satisfactory. The tone in Rubber shares has become rather dull, as dealers are awaiting the new account which commences on Monday and the auction sale, at which some large offerings will be made on the following day. Meanwhile the quotation of hard fine Para has improved. As regards Oil shares, it appears that the Anglo-Maikop Corporation is gradually obtaining control of the most promising plots in the Maikop field. In the Mining markets the long-delayed revival has not yet started.

INSURANCE.

GOOD AND BAD MOTOR-CAR POLICIES.

LESS than a decade has expired since the first offer was made to accept premiums for the insurance of automobiles. Motoring, as a pastime, is not very much older, and self-propelled vehicles used for commercial purposes have only been common during the last four or five years. Insufficient time has therefore elapsed for the business of motor-car insurance to assume fairly definite form, and some of the policies issued by companies undertaking such risks are still open to grave objections. Business firms, professional men, and private owners still need most carefully to examine the propositions made to them before signing proposal forms or parting with their money, because a slight difference in even a single word may imply the distinction between a useful and a doubtfully-valuable policy. "Mechanical breakage", for example, is not the same as "mechanical breakdown", although at first sight these terms appear to indicate the same thing. The word "breakage" is far too restricted in its sphere of operation, for it does not include such mishaps as arise from water circulation troubles, from parts of the machinery working loose, or becoming fixed owing to defective lubrication. Unless there be an actual breakage a claim under the policy is excluded, and when this fact is ascertained the owner of the injured car naturally feels that he has been badly treated. Much irritation, as a matter of fact, has been caused by the introduction of "breakage" instead of "breakdown", and the public can be strongly advised to insist, whenever possible, upon the use of the latter word, which provides practically full cover—a point of the utmost importance to owners of private cars.

So far as such cars are concerned, several companies now make it their rule to insure against breakdowns, but others do not, and the policies they issue consequently fail to possess real excellence, whatever may be their merits in other respects. One company in particular has always, we believe, set its face against the grant of limited protection. Reference is of course made to the Car and General Insurance Company, Limited, of 1 Queen Victoria Street E.C., the originator of this branch of insurance enterprise. This Company is specially well placed in regard to breakdowns of every description, having in its sole employ a comprehensive staff of skilled engineers, conveniently located in the principal towns of the United Kingdom, enabling repairs to be almost instantly undertaken. It is probably owing to the existence of this salaried staff that

the company has been able to retain the lead it originally secured, for nowadays the competition for motor car insurances is extremely keen, and many large and wealthy companies have engaged in the business. Whether the "Car and General" will retain its independence for long remains to be seen, but at the present moment it unquestionably leads the van in this particular sphere of activity, and its latest policy, the "1912 Eclectic", designed for the use of private and professional men, is probably the very best of its kind in the market.

This useful contract is issued in two forms. In the first mechanical breakdowns are excluded, and the yearly premium ranges from £5 for a 6-h.p. car up to £21 for a 40-h.p. car. When breakdowns are included, the premium rises from £7 to £24 respectively, so that the additional protection afforded can be obtained at comparatively little cost. To cars not more than two years old the quoted rates apply, but in cases where the car is between two and five years old the owner is required to bear the first £3 of each such breakdown, while still older cars are not insurable under this table until they have been examined. In each case the general benefits conferred by the policy may be considered sufficient. Full value is paid in the event of the car or its accessories being damaged by accidental and external means, or by malicious means, and the indemnity extends to losses occasioned by fire, explosion, self-ignition, or lightning, or by burglary, house-breaking, or larceny. Moreover, the car itself is covered while in transit in any part of the British Isles, and an entirely new benefit has been included, the assured being covered against all claims by the public when personally driving his own or any borrowed car not exceeding 40 h.p.

A policy of this sort, when it includes breakdowns, does not leave much to be desired. The insured car can be driven by any member of the assured's household, if licensed and reasonably competent; it can be used for electioneering purposes when being driven by the assured or his paid driver; subject to certain conditions it can be used for touring purposes in Europe, Algeria and Tunisia during three months in each year; temporary repairs can be undertaken by the owner at once, and permanent repairs, up to £10, can similarly be put in hand, provided a detailed estimate be obtained and immediately forwarded to the Corporation. The absence of a cancellation clause is another good feature of this policy, and equitable provision seems to have been made both for rebates and bonuses.

COMMERCIAL LAW AND THE NATIONS.

BY THE RIGHT HON. F. E. SMITH K.C.

WHILE Parliament has been quietly engaged in codifying our law to an extent which few laymen realise—how many, for instance, know that the controversial Budget of 1909-10 contained a complete code of the law of Excise Liquor Licences?—publishers have, with an enterprise which is most laudable, been diligently engaged in collecting it. Two great achievements will go down to posterity eternally associated with the name of Lord Halsbury—a name not unknown in other and more warlike spheres of activity: "The English Reports" are rapidly gathering up all the English cases decided before the official Law Reports began, and with "The Laws of England" on its shelves the lawyer's library will in theory and almost in practice require no other text-book. Quite as remarkable—and certainly more unexpected—is the series of volumes the first of which has just arrived.* Under the guiding hand of Mr. Justice Scrutton, to whose learning as a commercial lawyer I may perhaps without presumption pay a tribute of respect, it is intended to collect the commercial laws of all the civilised countries of the world. Of the value of such a compilation there can be no shadow of doubt.

* "The Commercial Laws of the World." Vol. I. General Editor, William Boustead. London: Sweet and Maxwell. 1911. 42s. net.

English commercial law is in itself a complicated thing, changing and developing to suit the needs of trade; and its knotty points arise in a peculiarly knotty form when it has to be considered in relation to the commercial laws of other nations. Very graphic is the picture drawn by the learned editor of the plight of an English lawyer "when a German ship is chartered by an Englishman to load cotton in Egypt under bills of lading executed there and deliver it in Antwerp, and on the way puts into a Spanish port in distress"; and while I should not give it up without further information as to exactly what the parties were quarrelling about, it is obvious that the situation presents problems to which the question of the nationality of the son of a French mother and a Greek father born on a Spanish ship in American waters is almost mere child's play. Whether the English lawyer with these volumes before him will be able in difficult cases to dispense with the assistance of the foreign lawyer is a question of some doubt; and indeed it is not claimed that he will. Even a code fully set out with full notes of the decisions upon it such as we find here will not provide a complete substitute for that personal acquaintance with a country's courts and with the tendency of the administration of its laws, which is essential to a right conclusion upon any given point; but it will at any rate be of inestimable advantage to have all foreign codes (and foreign law mainly consists of codes) conveniently at hand.

The work comes too at a most opportune time, when efforts are being made to bring the maritime law of the various countries of the world into something like harmony. These efforts have borne fruit in the Brussels Conventions as to salvage and collision and the Maritime Conventions Act passed last year; and it is matter for congratulation that with the exception of certain changes in the law of collision (the alteration, for instance, of the rules as to division of loss and liability for statutory fault) foreign countries have on these subjects agreed to adopt substantially the British law.

The first volume deals with the Argentine Republic and Uruguay. On the left-hand page is the law in Spanish and on the right is the English translation; and the code law of commercial persons and contract, agency, companies, partnerships, insurance, bills and notes, maritime law and bankruptcy is supplemented by an historical introduction, an account of the legal procedure of the countries concerned, and the text of the Treaty of Monte Video which regulates the Private International Law of several of the South American States. Señor Ernesto Quesada's introduction to the Argentine section being a little involved and too fond, for a legal treatise, of allusive references, has apparently caused some difficulty to the translators; but one gathers that the country has had trouble with its legal system. Originally Spanish, it was governed by Spanish law and went where necessary for its commercial law to the Consolato Del Mare; in the middle of the eighteenth century Philip V. gave it law largely from France; and since the establishment of its independence in 1816 it has been experimenting partly under the influence of English, German, Italian, and French law with codes which have illustrated the danger of hasty legislation. The latest of these, that of 1889, has been repeatedly amended, while the whole of the articles relating to bankruptcy are under drastic consideration; though it is apparently not proposed to alter the fundamental principle, abandoned in this country, that only a merchant or trader is entitled to this method of relief from his debts. With regard to procedure amendment is also in the air, and the position is complicated by a variety of local jurisdictions, governed by one national, one federal, and fourteen provincial codes; and it will be of interest to the English lawyer to note that the proceedings are conducted almost exclusively in writing, whereby the Judge is not "disturbed by the fortuitous eloquence of the advocates". But the delegates at The Hague have discovered that South American eloquence is none the less formidable from lack of practice at home. Possibly, however, the rule applies only to commercial

cases. With the details of the code it is, of course, impossible to deal; but it is obvious that in the case of the Argentine Republic the editors will suffer more than is usual in such cases from the danger of having to issue supplementary volumes. And there is one point on which an explanation from the Argentine lawyer would be of interest. By the Treaty of Monte Video, "the signatory States are not bound to recognise a marriage celebrated in one of them, when it is affected by any of the following impediments: (a) Having murdered one of the spouses, either as principal or as accomplice, in order to marry the surviving spouse". In which State is marriage with a deceased spouse's murderer recognised as a permissible union? And if the murder was not committed with the object of marrying the surviving spouse, but was incidentally followed by that result, must the marriage be recognised by the other signatory States? On these points the notes are strangely, even exasperatingly, silent.

FACTIOUS FOOTBALLERS.

PLENTY of good causes have been ruined by the conduct of their advocates, and plenty of bad causes have been made worse. In the case of the Amateur Football Association the conduct of its advocates has been so outrageous that many people would find it difficult to say whether it began by being bad or good. It has raised the sacred banner of amateurism to protect its onslaughts, but when we turn the flag round we find snobbery written in very large letters on the hinder side. It has not been forgotten, and we hope it never will be, that one of the Association's principal promoters proclaimed, in English as wretched as the sentiments expressed, that "being a game which brings human passions largely into play, I maintain that, unlike cricket, football is a game only suited to the classes, and distinctly not to the masses generally". That is not the sort of argument which is employed by either a gentleman or a sportsman. If it were a mere question of supporting amateurism against professionalism in football, most of us would support a body which was the champion of the former, but when the supporters of the A.F.A. find that they are promoting the sort of sentiment that we have just quoted they turn away in disgust. Professional football has grown to excessive dimensions in Great Britain, and the spectacle of tens of thousands, of persons who might be better employed, watching a couple of teams, each labelled with the name of some locality, but in reality bought at huge prices from a different place or county or even country, is simply lamentable. The triumph of the A.F.A. over the Football Association, however, would do nothing to remedy this. The latter has controlled the game in England for nearly forty years; it controls amateurs as well as professionals, and we are not aware that it confuses the two or encourages any form of sham amateurism. The A.F.A. is a mushroom growth, containing, it is true, many of the leading amateur clubs, but started, it appears, in pique and nurtured in intrigue. It has received very little encouragement on the Continent, and is not recognised by the International Federation which controls international football, with a few not very important exceptions. Consequently it is in connexion with the impending games at Stockholm that it has become fully conscious of its impotence and has become correspondingly aggressive.

The object of its attack, launched in an article, to which it is unfortunate that the "Times" gave shelter in its columns, is the British Olympic Council, a body by which it has been treated with a courtesy undeserved and ill-repaid. Before that body was unfortunate enough to give its representative a place among its members, it utilised the representative of the Hockey Association as its advance agent. His advocacy was not distinguished by tact. The Football Association, as the governing body of football recognised both at home and abroad, had been represented on the Council from

the beginning. The A.F.A. was at last given a seat, not, as was clearly stated at the time, as a governing body, but merely as one of the additional bodies, to whom the Council had power to give representation if it thought fit. The inevitable result soon followed. Football at the Stockholm games is confined to bodies affiliated to the International Federation. The rule was made by the Swedish Committee and approved by the International Olympic Committee, a body over which the British Olympic Council has no control, except in so far as it can exercise an influence through the votes of the three British members, who form a small part of the whole Committee. These obviously could not have secured any alteration in this rule, since to alter it would have involved the exclusion of the great bulk of European football from the Stockholm games. By another regulation, made and approved in the same way, and universally accepted as the only feasible method in which entries can be made, entries are to be made by the governing body of every sport in every country through the Olympic Committee of that country. The representative of the A.F.A. and his henchman, the Hockey representative, had apparently not even taken the trouble to read these rules, and introduced a motion before the British Olympic Council to the effect that the British football teams should be selected and entered by that Council. Even apart from these rules the Council is a purely co-ordinating body and has no power whatever to dictate to any governing body what entries it shall make or how it shall make them. When this precious motion was brought forward there were no "bitter struggles", nor was the Council "torn by internal dissension", as the ill-informed writer of the article in the "Times" asserted. It was merely pointed out to the egregious individuals who were promoting it that, in the face of the Stockholm rules, it was meaningless, and it was withdrawn and disappeared into limbo. The Council, whose time was wasted by this impossible proposal, have a grievance, not the A.F.A., who wasted it.

It has been the habit of the A.F.A. to circulate the members of the British Olympic Council before and after any meeting in which any matter which might concern them is discussed, before, with a circular of pious hope that support will be given them, after, with a circular of thanks for support given, whether such support has, in fact, been given or not. These circulars have even been received, it is believed, by the representative of the Football Association. After the last effort, which we have just described, the customary circular was lacking. Its absence seems to herald a slight return to common sense, and there are other hopeful indications which point in the same direction. It is almost too much to hope that the improvement will be permanent; but, nevertheless, in the interests of British football, we cherish the illusion.

TO DEAR JANE AUSTEN.

IT would be strange beyond the thoughts of men,
If in that Day when all our work is tried,
Some glorious intellect superbly wide
Should bow before your limitations then;
For, if your genius longed with freer pen
To do the things that truth in you denied,
Your faithful fear o'er-mastered all beside,
Nor dreamed of praise in worlds beyond our ken.

Yet is your life a beacon calmly clear,
Of pure unselfishness and honour true,
Too true to clutch at satisfaction here;

And I should like to pay a tribute due
Even more for this than for your witty cheer,
And hours of happy laughter spent with you.

E. MARION DURST.

KINEMA.

By FILSON YOUNG.

THIS is one of the words there is no escaping from. Distorted, misspelled, mispronounced, debased by unholy conjunctions and alliances, it has nevertheless, in the sacred phrase of banality, "come to stay"; and, with the gramophone and the piano-player, to share the doubtful distinction of being one of the wonders of this age. The cinematograph has worked itself into the life of the people in a way that I, for my part, never suspected until I took up an important-looking book the other day and found that it was entirely devoted to the study of the rise, progress, philosophy and anatomy of the cinematograph. Thus the thing even has its literature. And I feel bound in honesty to say that this book* is an extremely honest and competent piece of work, in which is modestly and clearly set forth a complete history of this very remarkable business, with abundant photographs and diagrams for the mechanically-minded, and containing certain statistics which I venture to think would stagger most readers. The work appears in Mr. Heinemann's "Conquests of Science Series"; and the title itself suggests some curious reflections. Are we really conquering science or is science conquering us? That marvellous monster of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, which in its infancy we led as one might lead a lion cub by a ribbon, which we played with and made into a parlour toy: what has it become, and what is it becoming? There is something a little grim about this title "Conquests of Science" appearing on a large book devoted to the cinematograph.

Being always behind the times in such matters, it was only the other day that I went for the first time into a Kinema Palace, as I believe those very white and very gold buildings that diversify the squalor of the humbler thoroughfares are called. I had often been allured by their façades, but from some confusion of mind by which I associated them with those dismal halls where the entertainment consists of peering into an endless number of little metal machines, I had never ventured inside. And when at last I did succumb I was not a little surprised. I did not know that London habitually amused itself between the afternoon hours of twelve and six; but here was a crowd of people pouring into what looked like an ordinary theatre. They were not the idle rich nor yet the wealthy poor; they were people of the lower middle classes, who looked as if they ought to have been at work, but were here disbursing sums varying from a shilling to five shillings with great readiness. The prices themselves were a surprise; I had thought of threepence or sixpence as a reasonable price to pay for an hour's vision of flickering pictures with motes dancing over them, and a headache; but I think my stall cost five shillings. And there, at the high noon of the London day, in the midst of perhaps the busiest human activity in the world, some hundreds of us sat waiting in a darkened, plush-upholstered hall, like mourners at a funeral waiting for the corpse.

Presently an harmonium, violin, and a piano began some whining and twittering attempt at an overture, and the pictures appeared. We all know them; even I, who am no patron of Kinema palaces, am familiar with them in the larger world of the music-hall. There was the Durbar, a dancing succession of troops marching at about fifteen miles an hour, of well-known figures walking up to you, looming nearer and nearer, and then apparently cut off in the prime of life and blotted out as though they had never been; the industrial pictures of money being coined at the Mint—tons of bullion poured out before one's eyes while someone behind the screen jingled sixpennyworth of halfpence in a tin tray; some wonderful things and some stupid things; and then, finally, the plunge into real, thick, treacley sentiment, the middle-aged man brooding by the fireside (such a fireside!) and looking at the face of his sweetheart in an old album (such an album!), and seeing visions of himself and his sweetheart as children, as young man

and maiden, as bride and bridegroom (such a bride and bridegroom!); and, finally, the disturbance of the gentleman's meditation by the arrival in the room of his wife, who, when she turns her face to the audience, is seen to be identical with the heroine of the old fool's meditations. This the audience liked; and I saw a stout woman, who might have been a publican's wife, wiping away an undoubted tear.

They did not give me for my five shillings what I really longed for—one of those breathlessly rapid dramas in which babies are thrown at people in the street, motor-cars fly asunder before your eyes, and long trains of people, headed by a policeman and a nursemaid, and receiving constant accretions in the shape of chimney-sweeps, clergymen, bricklayers, and school children, pursue one another apparently in the full light of day across thoroughfares which are unmistakably recognisable as the Champs Elysées and the Avenue du Trocadéro. It is an unending pleasure to see men running at thirty-five miles an hour and clashing into each other at a corner and exploding in a cloud of smoke. One feels at such moments that life is really a busier and braver thing than the dull crawl of one's own experience.

But there is another side to the picture. Men have toiled and used splendid brains in order that these things should be; one cannot help asking oneself how far they are worth while. All over the world there are great theatres with stages far larger and more modern than Covent Garden or the Paris Opéra, equipped with every kind of scenic effect, on which dramas are daily performed to no other spectator than the little crystal lens in front of an unrolling film; sometimes as many as two thousand people at a time are employed in a drama on one of these great stages. Is this to be the theatre of the future? We have almost abolished thinking from our theatres; are we also to abolish hearing, and seeing in any except one dimension? There is another, perhaps the greatest, evil of the cinematograph craze, the evil which it shares with the pianola-player and the gramophone. It is that these things really narrow the life and experience of men. They bring life to one's door; and it will soon be possible for people to have all the adventurous experience they want within a radius of half a mile of their own house. No journeys need be taken; you pay sixpence and sit in a chair that is mechanically rocked like a railway carriage, and look out upon the moving scenery of the Andes, the Alps, or the Rockies. You need not go through the toil and discipline of learning the technique of music; turn a handle, and all that Beethoven and Mozart and Chopin groaned in travail with, wept tears of blood for, or laughed and sang out to the world, is at your command. You need not go and hear a great oration; the very voice will issue for you from your brass-throated gramophone on the morrow. All of which is bad, and means loss of life in the fullest and most serious sense. It is not the conquest of science, but the abuse of science.

But there is no question about there being a real use for the cinematograph. To such perfection has it been brought that it can record the movement of an insect or a bird's wing, or the flight and penetration of a projectile. Films have been made so delicate that they will take a picture in an exposure of 1-42,000th of a second; the mechanism has been so perfected that streams of consecutive pictures can be taken at the rate of 5000 per second, the measurement and control of this being entrusted to a tuning-fork—so far beyond our mere mechanical abilities do such figures take us.

And as an historical record also the cinematograph has its legitimate use. Sometimes—very rarely—looking upon that illuminated square, one has for the moment a sense of real illusion, of looking through a glass and seeing the sea breaking on some tropical shore, or the figures of men moving and smiling in a distant land. Think if we could once see in the same way King John crossing to the little Thames island to give Englishmen their freedom, or Anne Boleyn driving through the streets of Westminster to her wedding, or Cromwell speaking in the House of Commons, or

* "Moving Pictures: How they are Made and Worked." By Frederick A. Talbot. London: Heinemann. 1912. 6s.

King Charles I. making his farewell on the scaffold! It would not be so much on the central figures that we should pore as upon the crowds and the people in the street, seeing actually before our eyes what men and women looked like, how they moved about, what clothes they wore, what manners they had in those dim, far-off days. Five hundred years hence the English people will in this way be able to see scenes of our life in England; we shall not be so isolated from them; they will know us really as we are, and along with the figures and faces of the great will be preserved and made familiar to our descendants of the twenty-fifth century some otherwise utterly unimportant people, who pushed to the front of crowds and took the trouble to see public shows. And perhaps the most familiar figures of our day to the people of coming days will be the figures of policemen. Thus you see even the cinematograph will not really tell the truth; for there is no such thing as mechanical truth or mechanical record of truth. And that is the crowning fault of mechanism when it takes the place of human effort and labour.

M. POINCARÉ FROM THE LITERARY STANDPOINT.

BY ERNEST DIMNET.

IS it at all known in England that the new Premier is a member of the French Academy? It is not an exceptionally notorious fact in France. Until, a few days ago, M. Raymond Poincaré sat as Chancellor—in a purely literary capacity, of course—between M. Thureau-Dangin and M. de Mun, while the latter gave M. Henri de Rénier a remarkably sour-sweet academical welcome, it was, on the contrary, one of those disputed questions with which idle people beguile after-dinner dulness. No; M. Poincaré was not an Academician, but his cousin, M. Henri Poincaré, was one; and that was rather surprising, as that gentleman is a mathematician, and—in the opinion of his compeers—can, if he does not actually, talk about things which there are not ten people in Europe capable of understanding. Yes, indeed; the two Poincarés were in the Academy (somebody else would say), and it was out of mere discretion that other Poincarés who might be in it as well consented to stay out, so intelligent a family it is. Who, then, had received M. Raymond Poincaré and read his elaborate praise to his face? Nobody knew. Whom had he succeeded? Some barrister, presumably. What had he published? Political addresses, most likely. I personally happened to have read a passage from an essay of his on a Belgian writer, and, though facile and good-natured, it was what everyday parlance calls pretty poor stuff.

Conscientious inquiries have elicited the facts that M. Poincaré is one of the Forty, that he succeeded Gebhart, that he was received on 9 December 1909, and that his printed production at the time amounted to one volume, entitled "*Idées Contemporaines*". The case is clear. M. Raymond Poincaré has been elected a member of the French Academy as a political debater and a highly successful barrister, and it was from sheer condescension to usage that he published that solitary and by no means epoch-making volume. M. Ribot was elected before him in similar circumstances, and—further back in the past—a great many distinguished men.

Perhaps it is a mistake on the part of the Academy to refuse candidates who have not gone through the formality of publishing their works in book form. A Demosthenes could not be elected if he did not take the precaution to have his speeches properly bound. Mere formalities will bring abuses in their train. One Academician once sorely perplexed the confessor at his bedside for having thus become an immortal, thanks to a very great name and a very little book. Small as it was, the book had been written for money by somebody else, and the Duke and Academician's conscience smote him for having deprived an obscure person of the literary fame to which he had a right. The confessor realised at once how thorny the case was, and, being a Jansenist,

his mind suggested to him none but impossible combinations. Luckily, he was not so much of a Jansenist that he was above casuistry, and he suddenly bethought himself of a roundabout solution. "That book which you did not write," he asked, "could you have written it if you had tried very hard?" The poor penitent shook his head mournfully; no amount of industry could have made an author of him. "Oh, well," exclaimed the confessor, brightening up, "if this was the case, you found yourself in urgent necessity, and I can give you absolution."

The Academy was responsible for this uncomfortable quarter of an hour. If they wanted to elect the Duke because he was a Duke, why did they make it imperative for him to pretend that he was a writer? And if they chose to annex M. Poincaré because he has been oftener in office than anybody else, and because M. Millerand alone rivals him at the bar, why did they reduce him to the painful necessity of publishing "*Idées Contemporaines*", a very jumble of the most incongruous pieces, which begins with a chapter on fiscal sincerity and ends with a disquisition on French wit, after various inroads on death-duties, Madagascar expenditures, income taxation, etc., relieved by addresses on Arago, la Fontaine, Goncourt, Dumas, Meissonnier, etc.—the evident product of official ceremonies?

Thank goodness M. Poincaré is not a writer! He is only a clear-headed and, it is to be hoped, a strong-armed politician, and his whole career tells it very plainly. First of all, he is a Lorrain, a cold, matter-of-fact Easterner. His very portraits could make you guess it. The man may be not only honesty but kindness itself; there will never be a fiery spark in his eye. Lorrains are born mathematicians—the proportion of pupils from the Eastern provinces at the Ecole Polytechnique is surprising; and M. Raymond Poincaré could have been one, and perhaps become one of the ten righteous who can hold converse with his cousin. He was one of those talented young men—wonderfully typified in Pascal—who could shine in anything. He chose the law—without neglecting a complement of literary education—at the University of Nancy, and soon made his mark. What the mark of a young man who reads for the bar is I know pretty well, having lived several years in a students' inn. It means above all a sound positive basis, with facility of intelligence and memory and fluency of speech. Whatever lad has a grain of real fancy and originality in him seldom attracts attention during his course, and pretty often, on the contrary, draws reprimand on his giddy head; but an intelligent young fellow with more wit than imagination, and a gift for receptivity, will often astonish you by the rapidity of his progress. In two or three years, in spite of the contempt for practice prevalent in the French schools of law, he will be able to rehearse complicated theories and refer to numberless articles in the Code as easily as if he were an old hand at the business. With clarity and self-possession he will gain ever-increasing confidence which will treble his powers. I have often had a sensation, while listening to a certain student, admirably provided with this kind of equipment—and who got into Parliament the moment he was twenty-five—as if an invisible secretary displayed before him in perfect order scrolls on which he had only to read without ever having to think. It takes a literary man half a lifetime to learn how to learn, but a young advocate knows that thoroughly by the time he is called to the bar. He finds his way through the evidence for a case as a railway official finds his through the time-table, and in no time is ready to speak without book.

This was what M. Poincaré learned in an eminent degree, first at his University, later in the office of Maître du Buit. When he was sent into the Chamber before being thirty he had the steady unruffled look coming from a certainty that "real" things are not difficult to master, and that a well-equipped mind is up to any task worth while. In fact, he tackled finance—of which he knew nothing—so successfully, that before the end of his second Parliament he was rapporteur of the Budget, and tacitly a candidate for the highest situations in the Republic. Since then he has gone on studying question after question, and giving them such solu-

tions as naturally suggest themselves to well-balanced minds. This method does not make brilliant Academicians, no doubt, but it makes useful, trustworthy professional men, and when it is ennobled—as is unquestionably the case with M. Poincaré—by patriotism, it raises a man high above the ordinary politician. I have not the least doubt that before reading his declaration to the Chamber, M. Poincaré had pigeon-holed all the questions which he intends to solve before going back to his gown and fees, and carefully discarded the dangerous issues on which he might come in conflict with M. Léon Bourgeois. This is wisdom, and M. Poincaré can bring a great deal of shrewdness to the assistance of his wisdom, but I am not sure that M. Clemenceau's skipping good-humour would not get him out of difficulties better than all this formal resoluteness. Perhaps the fault of M. Poincaré in his politics, as in his intellectual temperament, is that he is so perfect, and perhaps, if he were more of an Academician, with true literary weaknesses, I should have more belief in his ultimate success. As it is, the quiet courage with which he has accepted great responsibilities makes it a very minor point that he happens to be an Academician.

VARIOUS EXHIBITIONS.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

UNDER the impetus given him by recent controversies Mr. Roger Fry has done a lot of work. Filled with the spirit that inspires men to testify to their creeds he has done more important work than at any previous time. This fact of production is what matters most, as an old West Country saw instructs us. "Du zummat: du gude ef yu can; du zummat." In the arts at least there is the chance that something good will come of activity, and though we may be incapable of liking many of Mr. Fry's exhibits in the Alpine Club, yet we should suffer them willingly for the sake of those that do appeal to us, and for what may come. At the same time the show is disconcerting because of its inconsistencies. One never knows, for instance, with which pack Mr. Fry is running; whether he scorns visual impressions, and the things trained observation reveals to a painter, or whether he really seeks to express the subtle secrets of tone and atmosphere. Two or three pictures will suffice more clearly to explain this fundamental inconsistency.

"Wet Summer, 1910", for example (to say nothing about "The Balkans"), and "A Wide Valley" obviously cannot be regarded by an eye focussed for "Near Brusa" and "Winter Floods" (the last, I might add, pace Mr. Fry, an intuitive and beautiful picture). The painter of "Wet Summer" and the other "non-representative" landscape patently eschews the subtler qualities of Nature that a sensitive trained observation rejoices in. They are wrong in tone and coarse in drawing. They must not therefore be regarded as renderings of Nature as she appears to a trained artist. The important question is how are they to be regarded. We can hardly be expected to take interpretations that are false or clumsy in obvious things as expressive of more mystic properties. For instance, the clouds in "A Wide Valley" make no pretence of suggesting the richness and subtilty of cloud form. Their outline is insensitive and deliberately generalised, and incontestably material in effect. Our imagination is not liberated so that we can soar to ethereal regions; rather are we bound down to a lifeless sort of fact, a counter that for practical convenience sake shall stand for inaccessible wealth. On the other hand, this use of black outline gives an illusion of light, by throwing up, in bas-relief almost, the whiteness of the clouds. But, apart from the crudity of this device, why is the appearance of luminosity permissible, when expressive form is barred? Or if we take other ground, and judge this type of picture solely as a decorative object, like a tile or rug, why is so unsatisfying a feature as a clumsily-drawn cloud forced into such prominence? A rudimentary rule of design asserts that objects on

which the eye is centred shall be sufficiently interesting and uplifting to sustain attention and stimulate imagination. Even were the landscape in "A Wide Valley" more stimulating we could not rest on it because of these insistent insignificant clouds. Applying the same standard of decorative effect to "Wet Summer", we find our interest focussed on the chalky cloud reflections in the water, but not satisfied. For there is no decorative gain in their obvious falsity of tone. Indeed by vying with the brilliance of the sky they produce restlessness and discontent, whereas had Mr. Fry been concerned with their just relation to their source his decorative effect had been successful.

In things such as these we seem to feel an academic spirit that regards the letter, not the spirit. Thus landscape is twisted for controversial ends, not sought as a channel through which freedom from mere facts can be obtained. The attitude in which work of this stamp is produced cannot be single-minded, because the painter must be calculating in an intellectual way, as to the controversial value of his deliberate ingenuity. So his emotion is interrupted by self-consciousness, the admitted obstacle to spontaneity. "Winter Floods", on the contrary, is purely emotional, with barely a trace of ingenuity and *raisonné* defiance. It is difficult to reconcile these hostile attitudes in one painter in one year. The only essential function of art is to give liberation from material and intellectual things, and such escape comes only from spontaneous emotion and intuition, strengthened by mental analysis. How emotionally receptive Mr. Fry is "Winter Floods" demonstrates, and how sensitively perceptive. With its help one is set free, one's capacity enhanced. Mr. Fry alone knows in what mood he painted this, and what pleasure he experienced. He also may justly recognise whether what I will call his self-conscious intellectual exercises helped him in that hour of emotional subconscious escape. It is not impossible; at any rate they were "zummat."

One is glad of the opportunity the Landscape Exhibition gives to pay tribute to Aumonier's sincere and often revealing art. No artist of his school was more incorruptible. I should say he never sat down to an exhibition picture in a perfunctory or mechanical spirit, and at its best his work expressed a true responsiveness. "Wrangle", in the exhibition at the Royal Water Colours Gallery, is certainly one of the most revealing pieces he painted, deeply sensitive as it is to delicate tone and light and air. Conspicuously solid and sincere is "Handborough Farm", reflecting the sombre yet profoundly stirred emotion the miracle of sunset always appealed to in Aumonier. To him sunset was hardly ever "an influence luminous and serene, a shining peace"; it was stern rather, and ominous with still passion. There are many sound prosaic landscapes in this exhibition, but very few that strike one as enterprising. It is not uninteresting to see Mr. Alfred Parsons' downward progress from a fairly large outlook on Nature to the cribbed and cabined perception of a camera.

Likewise are there many prosaic and some sound portraits in the Grafton Gallery, that kaleidoscopic place. Mr. Orpen's "F. H. Rawlings, Esq." is unusually revealing, and by a lucky inspiration hung facing Mr. Sargent's "Lady Faudel-Phillips". The one so cautious and relentless, so reserved and shrewdly watchful, the other radiantly, exuberantly frank, triumphantly a Lady Mayoress. As documents of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries these masterly works are priceless. Other portraits of interest are Mr. Wilenski's "Miss M. P.", Mr. de Glazebrook's "Marjorie", and, curiously, Mr. J. Shannon's "M. Josef Hofmann", despite its hopeless unpracticality in the way of background. In a very little time nothing but the mask and hands will remain floating on a gulf of blackness.

The exhibition at the Fine Art Society's is hardly fair to Legros' memory in that its preponderant quality is far below his best. Most of the exhibits date from the nineteen hundreds, and have a tired, emotionless aspect. One feels that as late as that Legros was but repeating himself, not making

ever-fresh draughts on Nature. There is something mechanical and even sentimental in these late pieces very different from the vitality of the pencil sketch of "L. A. Legros" (1872), or the nervously alert bronze of "Miss Swainson" (1887), or the "M. F. Legros", of '89. And yet in the unfinished "Christmas Prayers" of 1908 there is deep feeling and just that sympathy most of the figure pieces lack. The "Boulogne Fisherwoman", a large bronze of 1882, is the work one would like to remember Legros by, a figure tragic in her stillness, and tense with the suffering that these women of the coast inherit and hand down.

To deal expertly with the remarkable show of early Venetian paintings got together by the Burlington Fine Arts Club more than a footnote is required. I will but suggest that two of our National Gallery pictures are deeply interested in this exhibition; the Bellini "S. Peter Martyr" and the so-called "Golden Age" catalogued as "School of Giorgione". It will be very interesting to settle the status of Mr. Lockett Agnew's "S. Peter Martyr", lately brought from Germany or Vienna (surely an unusual proceeding!), and lately boomed as the original of the National Gallery example. This much one can say at once; from internal evidence of quality and pentimenti the latter appears to be the older version. And if Lord Allendale's Giorgione is accepted as by Giorgione, then automatically our "Golden Age" will have to be accepted as the master's.

FABLES.

I.—THE BLOTTED PAPER.

By GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

WHEN the man who had made no particular noise in the world came to the great door of hereafter he found all ready for an examination. "So even in the next world", he said to himself with a weary sigh, "one cannot escape from competition!" He took his place with the rest, and sat at just such a little table, inked and cut all over with idle names, as he remembered having sat at many years before, in the far-away examination schools of an impossible past. Still stranger, he seemed to recall the words which, in letters of diamond and sapphire, flashed out everywhere—*Dominus Illuminatio Mea*.

But everything else was entirely different from the competition he had grown used to on earth. No subject was set. Every candidate chose his own subject, and did with it exactly as he liked. The energetic men, the men who had made a noise in the world, or got others to make it for them, were hard at work at once. There was the rustle of papers everywhere, and the man who had had a struggle to get a living on earth felt he was out of it. He had scarcely got a few words on paper ere he noticed that the more pushing competitors were already handing in reams of closely written stuff to the examiners.

In the end he did contrive to hand in himself a few lines, much to the scorn of those who had been pouring it in so thick.

After all the papers were in, there was *viva voce*, and each candidate was asked questions about his paper: had it taken him long, could he always guarantee to turn out so much copy in such a time, had he invented it out of his own genius then and there, could he do a better paper if another hour were given to him, or another day or week? These questions were very different from any asked in earthly *viva voce*, yet the replies were just what one might expect if such questions were put to candidates on earth. They could all do more and better with more time—their papers were wholly out of their own genius—and so on.

Last came the turn of the man who had handed in the very small lot. His paper was blotted over with much ink and tears. It was hardly legible. It was incomplete, and touched only one side of the subject which the writer had chosen. As the others looked over the examiner's shoulder at the paper they nudged each other and were full of scorn and meaning smiles. What a

paper to hand in at Heaven—how could anyone expect a good class who could do no more than that!

And when the writer of it began to answer the questions, they smiled still more. For when he was asked whether he could do a better one or a fuller one if given more time, he replied No—he was tired out.

The smile turned into a guffaw among his rivals when he answered this last question—How much work did this little scrap represent? For he replied that it represented the labour and experience of a hard lifetime.

But the examiner who had put these questions did not join in the general laugh. He scribbled down something on the back of the paper more illegible than the paper itself, signing it with the device of a butterfly, and the man who had handed in this blotchy little paper got the best First of his year in those schools.

II.—MAGNUM BONUM.

There was a man who intensely believed in the virtues of a potato named the Magnum Bonum. He took it up from the very start and concentrated on it. He went deep into the subject of soils and manures and climatic conditions all over the land, and was ready to prove to any inquirer that, take it all in all, there was no tuber in the market to touch Magnum Bonum. He was so sure of this that he practically gave his life to the potato. All his labour and most of his leisure were spent on Magnum Bonums. He photographed them in every stage of their growth. He analysed their constituents. He mastered botany and chemistry for their sake. He could show by figures which no one had ever been able to disprove—it is doubtful whether there were two men in the country competent to question these figures—that, if we all ate Magnum Bonum potatoes, the race would vastly improve in body and in mind.

He felt the thing so deeply that he fretted when he heard or read anything that pointed to the Magnum Bonum not being in such favour as some other newer sorts. He wrote indignant letters to the press whenever anything appeared there which told against Magnum Bonum potatoes.

He was even on the alert for statements which quite indirectly belittled Magnum Bonums by praising highly the virtues of other and newer sorts which come into favour from year to year.

He savagely attacked some of the popular successors of his favourite variety—*Al*, the Kaiser, *None-Such*, and *Superbissima*.

The man became a laughing-stock. It was said he was a crank and had been hopelessly "left".

* * * * *

He had a contemporary who enriched the world by fine theories on art, literature, statecraft, religion. This great man ranged from theme to theme, dazzling and delighting people with the brilliance and freshness of his mind. He was never left—it is the most fatal of all things to be left. He was always in the van of human thought and science.

Al, the Kaiser, *None-Such*, and *Superbissima* each in turn had his approval.

At the close he was put with pomp and glory in the great Cathedral where he still is—a pinch of dust.

The end of the zealot who concentrated on one kind of potato was utterly obscure. No wonder it was obscure, for he was taken up to Heaven in a cloud.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"AN ANGLO-GERMAN DEAL."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 Fairlawn Park, Chiswick W.

22 January 1912.

SIR,—You are to be congratulated on your statesmanlike article under the above heading in your last issue. Any long-sighted person can see that all weak nations would be well advised to hand over their hold-

ings in Africa to stronger Powers, as the White Man's Burden will ultimately be too heavy for all but the very strongest shoulders. And while we must take all that is necessary to safeguard our possessions, we should not take one foot more; and Germany should be encouraged to take as much of the remainder as she can. It will help to relieve the pent-up force of her superabundant energies and keep her busy with the responsibilities which will become heavier year by year.

When the Blacks are prevented from destroying each other, and they continue to breed like rabbits, the pressure of mere numbers will become grave enough. With the presence of the white man, and the missionaries with their gospel of the brotherhood of man, and the virus of discontent percolating through even darkest lands, the inevitable result is easily foreseen. The pressure will increase until all Whites will be forced back to back in mutual help; and only the strongest will be able to stand the strain.

As I pointed out in "The Organisation of Mankind" years ago, and every year confirms the truth of the forecast, the pressure and antagonisms between white nations will give place to racial pressure, which will ultimately override the smaller antagonisms and weld kindred peoples into unity. But without looking so far ahead, it is manifest that as trustees of civilisation we should welcome the strongest shoulders to help us bear a burden which will ultimately become crushingly heavy.

Yours, etc.,

E. WAKE COOK.

SIR FREDERICK MAURICE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The late Sir Frederick Maurice was a man of brilliant intellect, and his name will go down to history as one of the most capable writers on war that the British Army has ever produced. His admirable summary, "Hostilities Without Declaration of War", at the time it appeared, was a complete revelation to the ordinary Englishman, who hitherto had looked upon war with England without a formal declaration (in order to give us time to blow up the Channel Tunnel!) as an unthinkable outrage. But even the uninformed Englishman of thirty years ago did not go as far as Lord Haldane, and expect our enemies to give "six months' notice" before making a formal declaration, so as to give time to enlist, to drill, and to discipline a Territorial mob. Probably Maurice's most enduring work will be found in his fine vindication of Sir John Moore. This appeared at a very happy moment, for only shortly before the ancient strictures on Moore's conduct of the retreat of Coruña which had raged in England at the time of his death had been revived by writers on military history, both British and foreign. Even admitting that Maurice's lavish praise of Moore was struck in too high a key, the absolute soundness of his military judgment in the matter will appeal to all serious students of war. The correctness of Maurice's views will be apparent to all who read Mr. John Fortescue's excellent summary of the controversy which appeared in his last volume of his "History of the British Army".

SOLDIER.

"PERSONAL LIBERTY AND THE MEDICINE MAN."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

66 Fenchurch Street E.C.,

13 January 1912.

SIR,—The plausible phrase of "a life to be saved" is as subtly used by Mr. Charles Walker in his letter in which he ignores the direct question—and the principle—in this correspondence as it is by the Medicine Man himself in claiming and using his irresponsible position

to perform surgical operations upon the individual, irrespective of personal freedom in the matter. A life to be saved! Are there no economic gains to be taken into account attendant upon the largest number of operations tabulated by a surgeon. (Who knows the statistics of results?) Are there not positions on the hospital staff giving facilities to increase the number, notoriety bringing with it a title, heavy fees in private practice from wealthy, willing patients? I merely dealt with my own case at law as showing that the "absolutism" has passed beyond the wishes of a hospital patient even when the most clear and definite instructions are given that only such shall be done. The Medicine Man claimed the right, and acted accordingly. Mr. Charles Walker admits he does not remember the case, but he has built up one to fit this correspondence. There never was any statement, even by the operator, in court of "a life to be saved" where I was concerned. I doubt if either of the twenty-one surgeons called would have sacrificed his individual reputation by saying before his confrères that my life was in danger before the operation performed against my wishes. The damages I got were an object-lesson: from a life of enjoyable activity to one of invalidism, curable, it is diagnosed, by a surgical operation. But until this vexed question is decided one way or the other I prefer to lie still, suffer and die, and to avoid the proximity of the heavy artillery of the authority of the Medicine Man. With the fourteen millions of people affected by the Insurance Act, under which the compulsorily insured are compulsorily to submit to minor surgery, the question of personal freedom must come before and be decided by the highest appeal court—the public; and the principle of the right of the individual to say to the Medicine Man "Yes" or "No", and "Thus far shall you go and no farther", must be established.

I am, Sir, yours etc.,

(Nurse) A. J. BEATTY.

THE CARMARTHEN ELECTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Midgate Park, Maidstone.

24 January 1912.

SIR,—The absence of Conservative speakers from headquarters at the Carmarthen election is surely to be greatly deplored, especially as Archdeacon Evans, the Vicar of Carmarthen, did such yeoman service as member of the Royal Commission on the Welsh Church. After all the efforts of the Church Defence Committee, under whose auspices nearly 4000 meetings have already been held all over the country—the influence of which, however, is largely lost because so few are reported—it does seem the height of folly and ingratitude for the Unionist party to have practically left their local supporters to fight for themselves save for the help of those doughty champions Sir A. Boscawen and the Hon. Ormsby Gore. The "Morning Post" correspondent speaks out truly and boldly on the subject, and rebukes the craven notion that nothing can be expected in Wales. Even now, after all the Welsh bishops have done to enlighten the English electors, the average Englishman fails utterly to realise that there is no enthusiasm for Disestablishment even in the Principality. The excuse one hears made by people who know little and care less about the Welsh Church is that, if Home Rule is defeated, the Government will meet this by their proposal to bring in the Welsh Church Bill first. If the Unionist party imagine that they can afford to ignore the Church and injure the poor—the certain result of Disestablishment—with impunity they are much mistaken. When Liberals have entered into an unholy alliance with Roman Catholics and Nonconformists to ruin the Church it is a grave scandal that Unionists should offer such dilettante support to a body so attacked.

Yours faithfully,

ERNEST J. A. FITZ-ROY.

ALFRED STEVENS AT THE TATE GALLERY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Vineyard, Richmond, Surrey,

23 January 1912.

SIR,—The interesting loan collection at the Tate Gallery containing works belonging to different periods of Stevens' life is an illuminating one as showing to his countrymen (many of whom probably only know the Wellington Monument) the varied achievements of this great artist.

But one phase of his artistic career, if I may suggest it, lacks adequate representation, viz. the work he did for the Sheffield firm of ironworkers. If examples of the actual cast-iron work, fire-grates, etc., are difficult to get at (though there must be many about), there are in existence many of his more or less finished drawings for the same, as I have reason to know. When I was living at Windsor some years back, Mr. Collman (son of the Collman so intimately connected with Stevens' later years) showed me some twenty or so of these drawings he possessed.

Perhaps at some future time they may find their way into a permanent collection of Stevens' works. Let us hope so.

Yours truly,

A. G. ATKINSON.

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London Institution,

Finsbury Circus, E.C.

SIR,—Mr. Sydney Walton, in his criticism of my letter, writes: "If the scheme does not please Mr. Allen, let him put it down not to the inability of learned professors to produce a better, but to their anxiety to follow the line of least disturbance". That is precisely what Mr. Allen did: had he thought that the professors failed through lack of knowledge, he would not, I hope, have been so unkind as to use such a term as "astonishingly amateurish". But if the vagaries of English spelling are to be regularised on so extremely English a basis, there are plenty of schemes already in existence (Bond's, for instance) which do the thing better and with less shock to English susceptibilities.

My point, however, is that in making a change it would be far more satisfactory in every way to adopt an alphabet applicable to other languages besides English, and not to "follow the line of least disturbance". At any rate, my own little scheme has been formed with this end in view.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

IMMO S. ALLEN.

THE TOPOGRAPHY OF THE BATTLE OF BARROSA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

18 January 1912.

SIR,—I am only too pleased to give to Mr. Oman any assistance and information as to military maps and map-making that he may desire, and I very much regret that he did not apply to me for a map of the field of Barrosa, for I could have provided him with an accurate one which had been carefully compared with the ground it represents. As it is, it is most unfortunate that he should have had to rely upon defective maps to illustrate his excellent history.

He says in his letter to you, sir, that I "must give my reasons for saying authoritatively" that his map is "hopelessly wrong". I do so with alacrity.

Mr. Oman, from his own statement, is obviously completely unaware of the existence of a most admirable map on a large scale, no less than 1:25,000, or about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches to a mile, which the Spanish Government have published, and which comprises the district in which the Battle of Barrosa was fought.

The sheets of this map are styled "Hojas por Terminos Municipales", and they are officially com-

piled under the "Dirección General del Instituto Geográfico y Estadística (Trabajos Topográficos)" at Madrid.

I am informed by Spanish engineers that this is the authorised Government survey, and that it is recognised for the authoritative delimitation of property, much as our own 25-inch Ordnance map is recognised in England for a like purpose.

If Mr. Oman will obtain the "Hojas" for the Ayuntamiento of Chiclana he will find on them all necessary information as regards "distances". As regards "heights", however, this map gives neither bench-marks nor contours; I understand that the information on these matters is scheduled separately, for reasons.

Only last year I visited the Field of Barrosa with one of these maps, and found it to be in perfect agreement with the ground it depicted. Such, however, is not the case with Mr. Oman's map, which appeared in the "Royal Artillery Journal" in July 1910, and of which an enlarged reproduction has since appeared in his fourth volume now under review.

Subsequently to my visit I made a most careful comparison of these two maps (the Spanish "Hojas" and Mr. Oman's), and found them to be hopelessly irreconcilable. It remained to verify the accuracy of the Spanish map, as regards distances, and to ascertain the actual heights of the Barrosa ridge and its surroundings. Fortunately, the owner of the land has a regular land-surveyor's staff in his estate office, and he most kindly caused the whole site of the battle to be surveyed anew. I saw this being done with theodolite, levelling staves, and measuring chain in the most orthodox manner. Suffice it to say that the results of this survey absolutely verified the accuracy of the Spanish official map so far as regards distances. As regards altitudes, a line of levels was run from the seashore near the Torre de la Barrosa up to the Vigia and along the ridge in a N.E. direction, and with the following results: The height of the Vigia above the sea-level was ascertained to be 48.20 metros, or about 156 feet, and not over 280 feet, as shown on Mr. Oman's map.

As regards the existence of "the conical hill"; the ridge which ends in the bluff upon which stood the Vigia may be likened in profile (as seen from the north) to a recumbent pig with its head pointing seaward. Possibly it is for this reason it is called by the Spaniards "El Cerro del Puerco".

Some of the slopes at the seaward end are fairly steep for a short distance, and then merge into an easy slope, but on the landward side the theodolite showed a gentle uniform slope from the summit. At a distance of 1200 yards from the Vigia the height above sea-level was found to be 28.50 metros, giving a fall of about 20 metros in 1200, or almost exactly 1 in 60 (or 15 degrees).

Turning now to Mr. Oman's map, which, by the way, has no "north point" (a defect I complained of in my review in the case of Fuentes de Oñoro), a section-line run in approximately the same direction (about N.E.) shows a total fall of six contours, or 240 feet, in 1000 yards. Here we get a fall of about 1 in 12, or 5 degrees. But in addition, the first 120 feet of this fall takes place in the 300 yards immediately below the crest-line, giving a fall of 1 in 7 or 1 in 8 (or 7 to 8 degrees). Did such a slope exist in nature, which it does not, there would be a "conical hill" sure enough.

The fact is, Mr. Oman's distances and heights are, as I stated in my review, alike inaccurate.

There is one remark of Mr. Oman's which I must repudiate most strongly. At the end of his letter he consoles himself by saying "Anyhow, your critic has a pretty quarrel with the Madrid War Office". I beg to state most emphatically that I have none. On the contrary, I have the very greatest admiration for all the recent topographical work in Spain. I have never seen or heard of the map which Mr. Oman refers to. Hence I cannot say whether this map is wrong, or whether Mr. Oman has read it wrongly.

Your obedient servant,

THE REVIEWER.

REVIEWS.

"THE FRIEND OF FITZGERALD."

"Tennyson and his Friends." Edited by Hallam, Lord Tennyson. London: Macmillan. 1911. 10s. net.

"TO-DAY, when the poem [FitzGerald's translation of 'Omar'] has become one of the utterances of the century, lovers of paradox have ventured to hint that instead of FitzGerald being known as the friend of Tennyson, Tennyson might be known hereafter as the friend of FitzGerald." We take the sentence from the interesting chapter which Dr. Warren, President of Magdalen and Professor of Poetry at Oxford, has contributed to this collection of reminiscences of his father which the present Lord Tennyson has brought together. Dr. Warren has made a better suggestion than he knew, for indeed it is not only the postulated lover of paradox who may be tempted to ask—in no essential meanness of spirit—if the amazing reputation of Tennyson should with propriety overshadow the greatness of many of his friends so completely as it did in the closing years of the last century. Think a moment of some of them—Jowett, Clough, Edmund Lushington, FitzGerald, Thackeray, Spedding, W. G. Ward, Lyall; men, all of them, whose friendship was in itself a kind of patent of nobility. And there, indeed, is probably to be found the answer to a question which must always suggest a certain churlishness. Their combined and unanimous testimony is to the real dignity of Tennyson's mind and soul, and no impatience with the fulsome extravagance of some of his admirers should tempt the critical judgment of to-day to insist on a needlessly harsh depreciation of his real achievements. The reflux wave—necessary reaction from the extreme adulation of the last years of Tennyson's life—already is carrying us too far towards unfairness. Presently the balance will right itself, and meanwhile there is no need for any of us to remember or even quote the old taunts about "School Miss Alfred".

There is a pathetic interest about Lady Tennyson's initial chapter of recollections of her early life, written for this volume, it seems, as long ago as 1896, years after her husband's death, and only a few before her own. But some minds, interested in such matters, will possibly read more eagerly the two chapters by Mr. Willingham Raunsley on the local characteristics in Tennyson's poems as drawn from his early days in Lincolnshire. The autochthonic interest is oddly attractive to a certain class of enthusiast, and there is no doubt that the future Laureate's mind took a good deal of influence from the barren spaces of the desolate country in which his youth was passed. A temperament so intensely subjective instinctively absorbed and reflected much that had an obvious effect on his verse. Whether that effect was good or bad is surely a matter for the quality of the reader's mind to determine; but it may fairly be conjectured that his quiet youth found in the vast stretches of marsh and sea full encouragement for the pursuit of that meticulous and painfully photographic love of detail which—again to a certain order of reader—is one of his great attractions. That this love, carried as far as Tennyson took it, was inconsistent with the possession of a sense of humour can hardly be denied. Yet the odd thing is that most of the poet's friends seem to agree in attributing to him that precious sense. One hears that he was not averse from the Rabelaisian mood, for, as "T. E. B." was used to say, there are two kinds of Rabelaisian: the nice and the nasty. It is hard to reconcile this with much in his poetry, for it passes the ordinary understanding to think of any man with a real sense of humour perpetrating the "May Queen" and much that is to be found in the "Idylls". The Lincolnshire dialect poems are in another case, and have, no doubt, a certain tang of the soil; but their value is purely reminiscent, and we have heard of no one bold enough to commend the experiment in Irish. The whole conception of the later "Idylls" seems the implicit contradiction of the humorous sense. A great deal of significance has no doubt been read into the

allegory by the more fatuous, who would be hard put to it to translate into rational language the suggested correspondences between Tennyson's intentions and the actual machinery of the pseudo-epic. One would like to know how far Tennyson's complacent acceptance of the popular identification of the late Prince Consort with the Arthur of his poems was more real than apparent. It seems unlikely that he began with the deliberate intention of offering such a comparison and was forced by circumstance to accept the identification. The blameless prig is in any case a pitifully anæmic caricature of the real Arthur as we know him in any legend, who could never have twisted either lips or mind to the utterance of anything distantly resembling Arthur's farewell to Guinevere as presented by Tennyson. FitzGerald himself, no mean critic, in spite of his occasionally eccentric judgments, would gladly have seen blotted out a great deal of his friend's later work; and admirers even less jealous of Tennyson's fame may regret that the fine early fragment of the "Morte d'Arthur" was not allowed to remain his only experiment in that kind. Later on his itch for moralising prompted him to reduce the immortal love-story of Lancelot and Guinevere to an example of common adultery, and—irony of ironies!—to destroy the real morality of the whole epic by eliminating Arthur's unwitting sin, thereby denuding the tragedy of its proper motive.

If Tennyson's two brothers, Frederick and Charles, had been possessed of greater energy, and been less unwilling than they obviously were to challenge comparison with Alfred, they would certainly have accomplished a great deal. Frederick, in especial, had a very remarkable personality, and one gathers that FitzGerald's friendship with him was even closer than with Alfred. In point of scholarship there was not much to choose between the brothers, and Frederick's fragmentary translation of the exquisite passage from the Epitaph on Bion is a singularly apt example of culture and taste. And in this connexion one must refer to the curiously inadequate chapter—or chapters, rather, since the writer of it, the late Henry Dakyns, unhappily died before he had completed it—entitled "Tennyson, Clough, and the Classics". Now, Dakyns was genuinely a scholar, and it was surely a pity that in the fragments he quotes of those classical authors he discussed with Tennyson he should have offered to the unclassical reader translations utterly unworthy of his own reputation. The second part of the chapter, supplied by his friend Miss F. M. Stawell, is even less satisfactory, because it is based almost entirely on conjecture as to what Tennyson might have said and quoted. It is at least very certain that neither Dakyns nor even Tennyson would, in referring to Sappho, have ventured to translate *ῥαδὴν*, as applied to Aphrodite, by so inconceivably trite an epithet as "fair".

The only chapters in the book that are really satisfying, judged by any sound standard, are those on Spedding and Arthur Hallam, and these are by nature of being complementary to the nominal purpose of the book. "The Pope among us young men", Tennyson called Spedding, and FitzGerald declared him "the wisest man I have ever known". The account of his life is here written with entire sympathy by Dr. Aldis Wright, who, it may be hoped, will one day expand the chapter to a more worthy memorial of a man who to Bacon gave up a life which might have been used with greater profit to mankind. Spedding might have done so much, and "Lord Bacon", as Mr. Hepworth Dixon vulgarly called him, could very well have stood aside to be dealt with by men of lesser genius. The chapter on Hallam is—somewhat curiously—reprinted entire from Dr. John Brown's "Horæ Subsecivæ", in a way that suggests some difficulty on the part of the editor of the volume in making it up to a required length. But no one will regret the opportunity of re-reading so well balanced an account of the remarkable youth who inspired a poem which, whatever value it may prove to have in the last analyses, is the most familiar of all Tennyson's writings.

There remains the final question of the usefulness of

such a book as this. It contains many interesting passages, but, as was inevitable in a work so planned, the general effect produced is one of scrappiness, wholly alien from the fastidious art of its subject. There was bound to be a great deal of overlapping—but there needed not, surely, be so much carelessness on the part of both editor and contributors. What would Tennyson himself have thought, we wonder, at Dr. Warren's misquotation of Byron's line on Crabbe? Scientists may not be rebuked for misquotations, perhaps; but Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Norman Lockyer might have "verified their references"—the one to Tennyson's own "Princess", the other to Dryden. These learned men might very well join Lord Avebury, himself a sinner in this respect, in writing a book to be called, after the latter's favourite manner, "The Pleasures of Correct Quotation".

But it is an ungracious thing to cavil at a volume inspired with so much loyalty and affection. Tennyson was, at least, a very distinguished artist in verse—the most deliberate artist, perhaps, in our literature—and a great deal of his work as a lyric singer will endure. "He was a great man, good at many things; and now he has attained this also, to be at rest."

PROTESTANT HOME RULE.

"The End of the Irish Parliament." By Joseph R. Fisher. London: Arnold. 1911. 10s. 6d. net.

"The Legacy of Past Years: a Study of Irish History." By the Earl of Dunraven. London: Murray. 1911. 7s. 6d. net.

THE imminence of another struggle over the Irish Home Rule question should prolong what journalists call the "topical" interest of these two books, which in any case deserve attention on their own merits. Mr. Fisher, editor of a leading Belfast paper, has produced a brilliant if not impartial survey of the eighteen years during which, and during which alone, Ireland possessed that Sovereign Parliament for which Mr. Redmond recently claimed before an English audience an existence of centuries. Lord Dunraven, realising the general ignorance in Great Britain about Irish history, and the lack of readable books covering the whole story, has written a short survey which, though marred by a few serious errors of fact, gives a fair idea on the whole, so far as the past is concerned, of a subject which has been fiercely distorted by partisans. Mr. Fisher's newspaper, "The Northern Whig", one of the strongest bulwarks of Unionism in Ireland, takes its name from and is in some sense the political descendant of the party which little more than a century ago was fiercely anti-British. The Ulster Presbyterians sympathised with the American Revolution, in which many of their own emigrants bore arms against the Crown; they caught the flame of revolutionary Paris twenty years later, and intended to lead the United Irishmen to independence. Why does the name "Northern Whig"—the organ of the men whose ancestors were rebels—stand to-day for attachment to the Union with Great Britain? It is a question that Lord Dunraven does not answer, and his failure to take account of Ulster is the cardinal defect of his book.

The facts are, of course, that the rebellion of 1798, organised on nationalist French principles, became a manifestation of old Irish sectarian feuds. When Wexford burst into a Roman Catholic jacquerie, the Presbyterians of Antrim realised that the war for Irish independence was not one in which they could see eye to eye with their Southern fellow-conspirators. The Legislative Union found them sullen, but, being a practical people, they discovered that under it prosperity was to be secured. A century earlier most earnest Scottish Presbyterians had resented the Union with England. Belfast has come to acquiesce for very much the same reasons as Glasgow. But, rightly or wrongly, Belfast sees in repeal of the present Constitution of the United Kingdom peculiar dangers from which Glasgow would be exempt.

The Parliament of which Mr. Fisher treats was, of course, a Parliament of Protestants; "not our Parliament", wrote a Roman Catholic Unionist in 1803, "for we had no share in it, but their club-house". Mr. Fisher takes a very different line from Mr. Lecky, who admired the eighteenth-century Irish Parliament, disapproved of the way in which the Union was carried, but was convinced that, good on the whole as had been the system of nationality under an aristocratic Constitution, directed by Irishmen who were in general sympathy with Great Britain, the whole situation had changed during the nineteenth century. Democratic nationalism under present conditions must, in Lecky's view, be fatal to the welfare of Ireland and dangerous to the British Empire. Mr. Fisher is so sure of these last doctrines that he is, we fancy, inclined to work backwards and find Irish autonomy a thing necessarily evil in itself. Aided by the valuable papers of Lord Macartney, a man thoroughly conversant with Irish politics under George III., he draws a sombre picture of political conditions in the golden age of Grattan. So far as the Imperial side of the case is concerned, we think that he proves his contention. Dualism was found to be dangerous to the Empire during the Napoleonic wars. But his presentation is, perhaps, unduly severe as regards local affairs. He sees, of course, that neither before nor after 1782 had Ireland a workable Constitution. The subordinate Parliament, full of placemen (whose position really was, though we fancy the point has never been taken, oddly like that of the official members of a Crown Colony Legislature to-day), was inefficient and unpatriotic. The "Grattan" Parliament—during the whole of which Grattan was a member of the Opposition—represented a fatal divorce between Legislature and Executive. The Viceroy and the Ministers were servants of the British Cabinet, and the Parliament was no more the ruling power than is the German Reichstag. When Mr. Fisher animadverts on the scandalous neglect of the defences of Cork in 1798, we are tempted to ask whether the Ministers and officials were not the guilty parties. Very odd things happened: during the war of American independence, Cork was doing a thriving open trade in supplying provisions to the British forces, and an equally profitable secret trade with the French, which the Viceroy knew about but dared not check! Meanwhile, Bristol and Liverpool, to cite another Viceroy, "squealed like shorn hogs" whenever it was proposed to remove the restrictions from Irish trade. We are delighted to find that Charles James Fox is shown in these pages in his true light as the evil genius of Irish politics. He fascinated and misled Grattan; he was always ready to stir up trouble in Ireland to serve the turn of party politics in England, and he had a sentimental affection for the United Irishmen. But (a fact suppressed, if we remember right, by his admiring biographer, Mr. J. L. Hammond) his indifference to the real interests of Ireland was shown by his long enjoyment of a rich sinecure at the expense of Irish revenues.

Unfortunately Fox is just as much "England" as Pitt when a long vista of years is considered. The inability of Irish Unionists to realise this very much weakens their chance of converting their Nationalist countrymen. When an Irish Unionist talks of "England" he never means people like Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Birrell. But the Imperial Government is very often in the hands of these worthies and their like, and their Budgets and laws are equally valid with those of which Irish Unionists approve.

Perhaps considerations of this kind have driven Lord Dunraven as far in the Home Rule direction as his last volume shows. Mr. Birrell has made many Irish Conservatives ask whether, if Ireland is to be governed according to the ideas of Mr. John Dillon, it would be worse to have Mr. Dillon a responsible Minister in Dublin than to endure the irresponsible flippancy of Mr. Birrell at Westminster. It is a narrow way of looking at a great question; but are great questions generally considered on the broadest possible lines by men whose social and material interests are vitally concerned by the acts of individual politicians? Lord

Dunraven (whose very fair survey of the history of the Irish landlords deserves close attention) is righteously indignant with Mr. Birrell for breaking the spirit of the Wyndham Act. But Mr. Birrell's Land Act was condoned, if not actually inspired, by the Nationalist party. Is it not a little sanguine to suppose that they will go back to the Wyndham policy, for adherence to which they have banned Mr. William O'Brien?

Lord Dunraven, in fact, does not face any of the practical difficulties of Home Rule. His thinking on the question of "Federalism" (he declares against repeal of the Union) is loose. The difficulty about Federalism in the British Isles—though few have the wit to see it—is the position not of Scotland or Ireland, but of England. An English Parliament to which the other sections send representatives is not a Federal Parliament. The German Reichstag is not formed by sending Bavarian and Saxon members to join the Prussian Diet. We should not have Federalism here unless there were an English Parliament for English affairs quite distinct from the Federal Parliament of the United Kingdom, which would mean duplicating all our machinery and creating a new multitude of official posts from which even Mr. Lloyd George might shrink abashed.

When Lord Dunraven writes that "the safeguarding of property and of all civil and religious rights is a question of detail depending upon the control of the Imperial Parliament or on the wording of a Bill of Rights and the nature of the federal arrangement entered into", we begin to see why the Irish Devolutionists have failed to get themselves taken seriously as politicians. He is far too sanguine, also, about the Nationalist attitude towards the Empire. The feeling manifested in Ireland during the Boer war was something a great deal deeper than the dollar-cadging speeches of Nationalist members in America. On points of history, as we have noted, Lord Dunraven is sometimes quite wrong. Columcille (Columba) did not convert England to Christianity, nor was Ireland a united nation at the battle of Clontarf in 1014. We should like to have fuller details of Pitt's first draft of Union, which we are told contemplated a subordinate Legislature in Dublin and anticipated the programme of the Irish Reform Association. Mr. Fisher—whose book is racy and amusing—is careful on historical details. Lord "Annaly" seems impossible in 1769: is Lord Annesley meant? Our author is rather unfair to the Addington Ministry in censuring it for carrying on the Castle system which Pitt meant to abolish. Mr. Macdonagh's book, "The Viceroy's Post-Bag", has shown that Addington and Hardwicke inherited from Pitt and Cornwallis a multitude of promises of preferment which there had not been time to fulfil. The actual conditions in Ireland immediately after the Union are well described in a remarkably good little book* by Mr. Chart, which we were unable to notice at the time of publication. It gives for the first time a close account of the actual process of changing the whole system of administration, and now that a change in the other direction is matter of daily discussion we can recommend it to all who wish to know what exactly was done when the Act of Union came into force.

PAROCHIAL ATHENS.

"Hellenistic Athens: an Historical Essay." By W. S. Ferguson. London: Macmillan. 1911. 12s. net.

THE history of Greece begins with her fall. Before that event we know little about her, and what strange stuff what we know is! The epic of Homer, in which an episode of a racial war is represented, is followed after an immense gulf of time by the anecdotic history of Herodotus, who by way of preface to the Persian conflict of his own day tells us stories of the earlier period as they came into his head, and his head never held one topic for long. After this we come to the fragments of the tendentious history of the fourth century, which provided the present with an heraldic

past and by accommodating actual conditions to the heroic period drew a fabulous curtain before the truth. Only the local chronicler with his calendar or *ἔπος* preserved authentic facts, and he too has departed into limbo after yielding up a date or two or a tradition. Nothing follows but Plutarch, ponderous sceptic and moraliser. Archaeology all the time, dumb actor, shows us sequences of metals and developments of ceramic, with never a voice; and when she finds it it is only to talk figures and finance. We know little, and that little begins late. Pisistratus is almost mythical. Solon is a Moses. And a curious tale the history of the Blüthezeit itself is! One or two successful feats, due more to chance and cajolery than to determination; a suicidal war; incapacity to command or to obey; hopeless ignorance of the terrestrial ball, blindness to the future, and at the end a half-hearted and unwilling fight against natural development. Like Socrates Greece died talking. Hence when other people took charge of her government and put an end to the political tongue-fight, she found herself more comfortable and began to produce useful work. The Hellenisation of Asia made the Greek soldiers and traders acquainted with vast areas of country and new races of men. Alexandria was an entrepôt for Libyan, Nubian and Jew. It was a New World, as new as America to Columbus. The Pax Macedonica made travelling and physical geography possible, the Roman advent opened the West. An Arcadian studying the Alpine passes in order to write the campaigns of a Carthaginian would have seemed a pleasantry to Thucydides, or even to Aristotle. Chæroneia did not end the life of Greece, as the schools still teach, it began it.

Hellenistic civilisation was differently shared. Alexandria, with deserts at hand and the Ptolemaic army at call to secure live specimens for the museum, inclined to science, zoological and geodetic, and, though the thing is far less important, to systematic philology, for which Ptolemy's purchases provided the material. Athens, where the gentle bigotry of the people had never favoured research, and the intellectual temper was too fine for prolonged investigation, preferred to continue philosophy, music, acting, and the compilation of memoirs and history. She became a place of education, a *monumento nazionale*. Kings chose her for a retreat, you went there, like Timæus, to write a book. Her climate, the *sagri luoghi*, the memories of her past, the manners of her people, comparatively moderate and refined, and especially her severe plain taste, the result of centuries of jealous cultivated autochthoneity, gave her the position of a Paris in the eye of a *rastaquouère*. The Hellenised Oriental approached the metropolis with the feelings of a Venezuelan alighting at the Quai d'Orsay.

Mr. Ferguson has written a history of this period down to the massacres of Sulla. The thin narrative of Diodorus and the occasional biographies of Plutarch are now eked out by abundant epigraphic material, at which Mr. Ferguson is an expert. He writes with wiry vigour, and has plenty to say. Possibly too much. Want of proportion is an American failing. Style is another. Not so much the vocabulary, the mixture of Scripture and slang, the odd expressions such as "blondined" and "acclimate" and "dramatics" as the obscure syntax and the staccato rhythm, strange to our ear, and the metallic emphasis which we find in the music of the U.S.A. We notice as we read Mr. Ferguson more political activity at Athens than we generally imagine. A long tale is made out of changes of régime, and many of us whose youth has been dimmed by the twice boiled cabbage of Athenian democracy will rejoice to find Demetrius of Phalerum, enlightened reformer, putting an end to several instruments of culture. If only Philip had intervened seventy years earlier! Of course it was all futile, the Greeks were only frogs and mice, as Alexander said. The centre of the world was in Antioch or Samnium. Still Athens was in another sense in the middle of this world. As government advanced from the West, religion flowed from the East; Asia applied a peaceful penetra-

* "Ireland from the Union to Catholic Emancipation." By D. A. Chart. London: Dent. 1910. 6s. net.

tion to her conqueror, and prepared Greece and Rome, as Mr. Ferguson points out, for the eventual rising of the Star in the East. In this current Athens was an island; she kept the Pharus of reason trimmed, and dammed as far as she could the exotic tide. Old-fashioned little town, she never grew: she did not die, the grass did not cover the legs of the statues in her agora. Her past kept her alive, like Tithonus she sent out her cicala-note for centuries to come.

DARK JOHN THE WARRIOR.

"Grahame of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee." By Michael Barrington. London: Secker. 1911. 30s. net.

IT is really time that book-buyers made a stand against the modern "sumptuous quarto" illustrated by photogravures and so flimsily bound that, after a very little usage, the "art-linen" covers begin to come away. When publishers look back on the solid and good book-production of even sixty years ago, they must surely feel ashamed of the pretentious showiness of much of the costliest they now turn out. Mr. Barrington's volume is almost aggressively handsome, and that is the worst we have to say of a fine study of a noble historical figure, a man of heroic mould and scale, whose princely greatness is at last being vindicated against the malicious hatred of the Whig historians. "I knelt", wrote Ruskin to Miss Mitford, "beside the stone which marks the spot of Claverhouse's death-wound, and prayed for more such spirits—we need them now". This is the man whom Macaulay called the "chief of a Tophet upon earth". Even Scott was obliged in "Old Mortality" to write down to his Presbyterian public.

John Grahame of Claverhouse was a baby when Mary Queen of Scots' grandson was beheaded at Whitehall. He must often have looked up with boyish awe at one of the limbs of his great kinsman, Montrose, nailed over the south gate of Dundee. "My God", Montrose had told his enemies, "shall gather them". To him the gallows and axe; to Dundee the happy warrior's glorious death in the moment of victory. But "loyalty is still the same whether it lose or win the game", and the preux chevalier who, as he lay dying, said that "it was the less matter for him seeing that the day went well for his master", would as blithely have been justified in the Grass Market for the same master's cause. James, in the crisis of the Revolution, had asked him—newly created Viscount Dundee—and Balcarres how it was they were at his side when the whole world had betaken itself to the Prince of Orange. But these were descendants of kings, Scottish gentlemen, all of the olden time. And James—whom we mostly think of in his weakness and folly—was not only their hereditary Sovereign but the hero of Lowestoft, and the man of whom Turenne affirmed that if ever man was born without fear it was he. "Were I to conquer the world", he said, "I would choose the Duke of York to command my army". Yet it was an age of self-seeking and disillusionment. Moreover, whereas Montrose was a quixotic idealist and poet, "living", says Burnet, "as in a romance", Dundee was not a Bayard or paladin, but only a soldier of austere honour and fastidious fidelity, reticent, balanced and self-controlled, shrewd in council and of a diplomatic statesmanship, which never, however, sat on the fence.

But it has a mediæval, almost an Homeric, ring when, having cantered out of whiggamore Edinburgh with fifty horsemen, and having ridden north by muir and moss and bog, by den and knowe and glen, he has sent out among the mountains the ancient Fiery Cross, and the clansmen, with the wild music of their pipes, come thronging from Badenoch, Atholl and Mar, from the western isles and the northern mists. There are the Camerons under Lochiel (in armour and gold lace, blood-red plumes streaming from his helmet), and Glendessary bearing a ruddy banner. There are the or and azure of Stuart of Appin, and on a "foaming steed,"

his cloak shining with gold", Black Alastair of Glengarry. Next gigantic Macdonald of Glencoe, "much loved by his neighbours", and without presage of the treacherous fate destined for him and his children of the Glen of Weeping. Also another Macdonald, the free-booting Keppoch, to whom Dundee gave the choice of honesty or dismissal. There come also Macneill of Barra, tallest of his tall clan, Macmartin, who "could uproot the old ash-tree", Raasay, Fraser, Macalester, Grant, fortisque Gyas fortisque Cloanthus. A little later arrive Clanranald, who lived to give his life at Sheriffmuir; Glengarry and that young son, "of the blue eyes", who fell at Killiecrankie after slaying eighteen foemen; the two Macleans—Sir John, a youth of high accomplishments, courtliness and beauty—and others of whom the standard-bearing seanachie sings. Some of the chiefs rode in shining gilded armour, some were only plaided, while the clansmen depended less on their flintlocks than on claymore, axe, javelin and club, the barefooted and skin-clad Macleods even carrying bows and arrows. Killiecrankie must be the last battle in which British bowmen took part. It is the military aspect of Dundee's career to which Mr. Barrington has devoted special and expert attention.

"The ever-cursed and damnable Bluidy Claver's", whose black horse was a gift from the Arch-fiend, has got, of course, the reputation of a cruel hunter of innocent saints from his earlier repressive measures against the Covenanters. The Covenanters are now known to have been not quite the harmless victims of intolerance which Whig legend has represented, and Macaulay's partisan following of the credulous and superstitious Wodrow is not scientific or honest history. Take the case of John Brown, the "Christian carrier", round which so much sentimental myth has grown. Mr. Barrington shows that the picturesque and highly-coloured story, as given by Macaulay, Ian Maclaren and others, is a pure invention. The facts are that, ammunition and treasonable papers having been found in Brown's house, who was known as a truculent rebel, he was pursued and caught. Being proffered the Abjuration and offered his life on condition of not again taking arms against the King, Brown refused, saying that he knew no king. Whereupon, in accordance with the Act of Parliament, Claverhouse ordered him to military execution. "I am as sorry to see a man die", he said another time, "even a Whig, as one of themselves. But when one dies justly for his own faults, and may save a hundred to fall in the like, I have no scruple". Mr. Barrington mentions a number of instances of his mercifulness, care of life, and generosity to enemies. Of course he was a resolute soldier in a rough age, but these Habakkuk Mucklewraths were violent revolutionaries and virulent firebrands. The Cameronians had declared that it was a duty to slay all persons not in a state of grace, and especially to root out the House of Jeroboam and Satan's vicegerent, the man Charles Stuart, as well as all the nobles of the land. Under "Renwick's proclamation", affixed to a number of mercat crosses and kirk doors, the conventiclists, who had murdered Archbishop Sharpe, set up mock courts of justice, which condemned their enemies to death. The most chicken-hearted Government could not stand this. Liberal writers have little or nothing to say about the Presbyterian atrocities and treachery at Philiphaugh—"no quarter to Babel's brats"—or of Mackay sending prisoners to Edinburgh for torture, or of Jacobite prisoners being sold into slavery after Culloden, as Cromwell, who massacred a hundred Irish women after Naseby, had sold his prisoners a century before. We have all been brought up on garbled history, and one of the most slandered names is that of the single-minded loyalist, of "high, proud and peremptory spirit", with whose heroic death at the age of forty the kingdom of Scotland came practically to an end. "I have toiled for honour", he told Menteith. "It is not in the power of love, nor any other folly, to alter my loyalty." Indeed, he was called away on duty from his wedding-feast. Of an extraordinary personal beauty, as the portraits in this book show, "bonny"

Dundee was unspotted by modish vices and unentangled even with Cavalier gallantries. When he unfurled the King's standard on a green hillock outside Dundee, his young bride, holding their babe in her arms, waved him adieu, and to her his heart was true. But, says his Latin epitaph, he was "more ardent for his country's weal than for his own happiness". Dundee's success as a leader was due to the same unselfish simplicity. A generous opponent says of him: "If anything good was brought to him to eat, he sent it to a faint or sick soldier. If a soldier was weary, he offered to carry his arms. To keep those who were with him from sinking under their fatigue, he walked on foot with the clansmen. He amused them with jokes; he flattered them by a knowledge of their genealogies; he animated them by a recital of the deeds of their ancestors and of the verses of their bards. It was one of his maxims that no general should fight with an irregular army unless he was acquainted with every man he commanded". Despite the entreaties of his officers he insisted on charging at the head of his troops, though victory could effect little if he were no more. There was no need, said William, to send another army to retrieve Mackay's crushing defeat. The war was over. For Dundee was dead, and the pibroch was wailing among the hills.

NOVELS.

"The Shrine of Sebekh." By Ignatius Phayre. London: Constable. 1911. 6s.

Young America sitting under the flowery sinjib tree and asking for fierce dreams of Oriental passion presents a picture which must provoke either mirth or tears. With this preposterous idea Mr. Phayre asks us to bear patiently. In the beginning there was some promise of good things. America in the making, as represented by the rise of Shawnee City and Mowbray the Oil King, suggested material for an epic to which some crude grandeur might belong, and though "purple phrases", as the author terms them, were rather too frequent, the subject itself suggested the impossibility of restraint. It was coarse writing, but its bravado came near to being bravery; once or twice there was a touch of true poetry. But all this was soon done with, for the greater part of the book is concerned only with the Oil King's daughter, and, as heredity seems to play no part in her character, the earlier chapters are no more than essays in descriptive writing, serving only to make a long story longer. Between Agatha and her father no connecting link can be found; he was a primitive fighter and founder of families, whilst she can only be thought of as a specimen of some house whose members vary between lunacy and eccentric genius. The girl, whom one man calls Madonna and another Aphrodite, marries an English country squire and deserts him for a French poet of the Satanic school, and we are given the tale of her two loves in language wherein sickly sweetness is broken only by passages of passion belonging to the pyrotechnic rather than the volcanic order. No sane person can be moved by reading that "Agatha raised her mouth to his, swaying and fainting like a heliacal star ravaged by the sun's blaze", but we quite understand why the author changed the scene of these exotic adventures from America and England to the East. His attempts at an Oriental setting are, however, unhappy, and convey a suggestion of Lawrence Hope diluted with eau sucrée, a mixture which we find as wearisome as anything which Mr. Karl Baedeker could give us, and far less precise. If the author's object has been to startle the good bourgeois he should have been less verbose, for even the most purple phrases are liable to be lost in six hundred pages.

"The Errors of the Comedy." By Stephen Foreman. London: Cope and Fenwick. 1911. 6s.

There are no other novels recorded on the title-page to the credit of this author, and we shall therefore take the liberty of treating Mr. Foreman as a beginner; but, we may add, a beginner of whom we expect more work

and better work hereafter. His story reveals the most common faults of the new author, and many uncommon merits; it is curiously enthralling, on the one hand, and irritatingly loose in construction on the other. Nearly every character is more or less eccentric; and as the plot turns upon the fortunes of a boy supposed to be the son of a lady who married successively two men, each of whom turned out to be already married to someone else, the twists of the tale are at least as difficult to follow as those of the play from which Mr. Foreman has contorted his title. We were most pleasantly engaged by the characters of Bolovey and his wife in the earlier part of the book; it is a pity that they were made so prominent there, as they are doomed to retire to the background. Setting aside a tendency to caricature or farcing, the village characters are all good and lively, though we could have spared some of the "King Solomon" misappropriations of old Dold. Mr. Foreman should also curb his tendency to recording long conversations, and in general stiffen the backbone of his style. None the less, we congratulate him on that backbone, and shall await developments with curiosity.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"Post-Victorian Music." By C. L. Graves. London: Macmillan 1911. 3s. 6d. net.

This is rather a formidable title for an interesting and amusing collection of brief ephemeral papers on some of the musical doings of the last ten years. Underlying purpose there is none, and the connecting thread is of the slightest—often, indeed, none is there at all. Still, a title had to be found, we suppose; and it is daily growing harder to find effective and catching titles. The essays, or essay-ettes, are in themselves, we say, interesting, the main fault being one of proportion. This may be due to the pieces being written for a weekly paper, and might perhaps have been corrected by more leisurely revision. To give an example of this defect, the late Mr. Jaeger was undoubtedly to his friends a figure, a personality; he is said to have been lovable, enthusiastic, and really an able man. But is he, in a serious book on music, to be dealt with as being as important as Richard Strauss? Minor deceased singers—all singers are minor ten minutes after death—are deliberately considered, and judgment pronounced as though a Beethoven or a Wagner had passed away. The mere fact that Mr. Graves recognises their rightful place in history does not really mend matters; the prevailing tone of his articles never alters, and only readers thoroughly acquainted with all the people discussed, big or little, would know that he sees any difference between them. However, his book forms agreeable reading, and many of his criticisms are acute, and make one think. In spite of defects it may be heartily commended.

"In Purcell's Time." By Percy A. Scholes. "Singing in Schools." By Arthur Somervell. London: Home Music Study Union. 1912. 3d. each.

It is seldom we have come across two pamphlets so little worth reading as these; and we should scarcely notice them were they not issued with so much pomp and circumstance. The first is barren, wretchedly written and hard to read; and most elementary school boys are masters of the information it contains. Only an Academic music teacher would imagine he was communicating anything fresh to the world in so inept, pointless, colourless, and—for the purposes of a

(Continued on page 120.)

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musical student—positively valueless commonplaces. One statement, however, has the merit of freshness, that a direct descendant of Henry Purcell the composer now lives in London. It is a pity this is not true: no descendants, direct or indirect, are now alive. Perhaps this accounts for Mr. Scholes' failure to get a reply to his "polite letter of inquiry". Mr. Somervell's leaflet is even more self-important. To hold the post of "Inspector of Music, Board of Education," is not a guarantee of musicianship, though Mr. Somervell seems to think so. Nor is the possession of an Oxford (or, for that matter, Cambridge) musical degree a proof of a knowledge of musical history. Perhaps some benighted elementary school-teachers think so; and perhaps it is as well for men of Mr. Somervell's calibre and accomplishments that they do. But if he writes many pamphlets of this sort he will explode himself.

"English History in English Poetry." By C. H. Firth. London: Marshall. 1911. 2s. 6d. net.

In an introductory essay on the poets who have sung of politics, Professor Firth presents his book to the scholar as an effort to atone for the deplorable custom of ending off the scholar's history with the battle of Waterloo, or at latest with the accession of Queen Victoria. Neither in France nor Germany does the study of history stop mechanically short of the present day. Neither of the arguments advanced by teachers for refusing to ground their pupils in an understanding of modern politics is really valid. Modern history need not necessarily stir party feeling; nor need one trench upon political and diplomatic secrets to acquaint pupils with the meaning of important events, at any rate, up to the end of Disraeli's career. Both arguments are really absurd. The teacher in a secondary school would never get anywhere near political and diplomatic secrets; and, if the teacher be a partisan, he could as easily stuff his pupils with Radical doctrine in teaching them about Cromwell as in teaching them about Mr. Gladstone. We welcome Professor Firth's volume of political poetry as a protest against stopping short at Waterloo. What it proves best is that good poetry is often bad politics, and that good politics is often bad poetry: also that great poets have occasionally written verses which are neither good politics nor good poetry. The line with which the volume opens is an excellent example of this. "O pleasant exercise of hope and joy" as an apostrophe to the French Revolution is certainly not good politics; and Wordsworth in his time wrote better lines.

"Kant's Critique of Aesthetic Judgment." By James Creed Meredith. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1911. 10s. 6d. net

For students of philosophy who are sufficiently acquainted with Kant's principles, and familiar with his "architectonic amusements", Mr. Meredith has prepared an edition of the highest value of that part of the Critique of Judgment dealing with the theory of Beauty and Art. The seven Introductory Essays are founded on the assumption of a knowledge of Kant's general philosophy, of which the Critique of Judgment is the intermediary between the two Critiques of Pure Reason and Practical Reason. The notes, however, are eminently readable; and so much that Mr. Meredith gives in them of his own, as well as in the essays, is brilliant and literary and popular in the best sense, that we almost regret that his book is for the philosophical student. Paulsen, the well-known expounder of Kant, has said: "It is a permanent source of regret that such fruitful thoughts were prevented from developing themselves freely by the hindrances imposed by a useless schematism". It was this part of Kant's work which most attracted Goethe and Schiller as representing their views of Nature and Art; the identification of beauty with the moral seems almost the source from which Ruskin drew inspiration; and we think of Wordsworth, too, when we cast our eyes over these pages, rich with beautiful and noble thought. Here is a book which would delight any cultured reader if it were not for its terrible machinery. Physical science and biology and psychology have been brought to the door of the non-expert. Cannot "divine philosophy" descend from the clouds with treasures for the humble.

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For this Week's Books see page 122.

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The Eye-Witness

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Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia.

THE CHAIRMAN'S INVESTIGATION.

THE Second Annual Ordinary General Meeting of shareholders in the Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia, Limited, was held on Thursday, Mr. G. R. Bonnard presiding.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, explained that in the early part of November of last year he was invited to join the Board, and agreed subject to being permitted to look fully into its affairs. He joined the Board in December, and was invited to become Chairman of the Company, but declined until after the holding of the present meeting. He was afterwards instrumental in inducing Mr. Arthur Dickinson, a mining engineer of considerable repute, and a member of the Council of the Institute of Mining and Metallurgy, to join the Board, and he felt sure that Mr. Dickinson's services as a director would be of great benefit to the Company. Dealing with the financial position of the Company at the present time, to which he attached great importance, he said that the item of shares to be allotted as fully paid for assets purchased—namely, £221,252—had since been allotted as purchase consideration for assets set out in the report. On the other side of the account the Company possessed shares and debentures in other companies which, at June 30, 1911, were quoted at the market value of £319,726. These had previously stood in the books of the Company at £488,470, being a difference of £178,743, which was written off in the profit and loss account. The profit and loss account contained an item of "balance as per profit and loss account for current year £193,446," and was represented by £178,743 written off investments, and plus an ascertained net loss of £14,703. From that amount £53,115 being the balance of undivided profit at June 30, 1910, and £51,998 premiums received on shares, less commission, making a total of £105,113, were deducted, leaving a net balance to the debit of profit and loss account of £88,332. They now had to consider the present position of the Company, more especially in connection with the different items to which he had referred. First of all he would deal with the item "depreciation on quoted investments," and in this connection he would draw attention to the item of "quoted shares and debentures in the balance sheet at June 30, 1911, £319,726." Since then shares representing £33,859 of that amount had been sold, realising a profit of £2,156. Those sales reduced the total item to £285,767, but the present quoted price of that total was £241,227, showing a further depreciation of £44,539. Since June 1911 assets standing in the books at £83,572 had been sold for quoted shares in different companies, the present quoted price for which was £109,856, showing an appreciation of £26,283. If that amount were added to the profit of £2,156, to which he had referred, they would get a total of £28,440. Deducting that amount from the depreciation of £44,539, showing since June 30, 1911, there remained a net depreciation of £16,099, which, added to the amount appearing at June 30, 1911, gave a present total depreciation of £194,843. The first balance sheet of the Company at June 30, 1910, showed a depreciation of £18,570 on quoted investments, which was not written off, and he found, upon investigation, that up to the present time that amount had been increased by about £85,000. As to the cash position, if they subtracted the total cash reduction on the debit side from that on the credit side, comparing the present position with the position at June 30, 1911, there remained a balance of £34,799, which represented the reduction in their present cash position as compared with that at June 30 last. As to cash liabilities, in addition to loans on security and sundry creditors in London totalling £56,839, there were outstanding liabilities in respect of unpaid calls on shares amounting to £26,250, but to this sum must be added the liability to return £22,000 if the Company's action for a rescission of the contract were successful. The present cash liabilities, therefore, amounted to £105,000, while their cash assets showed a total of £21,831, being a difference of £83,259. After allowing for a total net depreciation of £194,843, the quoted investments held by the Company now stood at a total of £351,084. He thought there could be no doubt that the majority of these investments would, sooner or later, show a substantial appreciation. With regard to the Company's mining interests, development work on the Champion Mine was proceeding, and the latest news might be described as fairly good and hopeful. They possessed 4,127 mining claims in Rhodesia, some of which they were advised by their engineers to abandon; but they would be left in possession of nearly 3,000 claims. Many of these claims were considered promising. No time should be lost, he considered, in securing the services of a competent staff to make an examination of the whole of the claims, with a view to discovering those which were capable of being turned to profitable account. The next point to which he desired to refer was, in his opinion, the most important—namely, their holding of over 1,500,000 acres of land in Rhodesia, divided up into farms running from 2,000 up to 60,000 acres. Up to the present time nothing had been done with those farms, which stood in the Company's books at a cost price of approximately 2s. per acre. There could be no question as to that land considerably increasing in value. As soon as the financial position of the Company permitted, serious steps should be taken to deal with that land for ranching purposes, and, in his opinion, an expert report should be obtained in order that a definite programme might be laid down. Regarding certain assets which had recently been acquired in exchange for shares in the Amalgamated Company, he said these assets had been acquired from five separate vendors under five contracts of purchase. Negotiations were proceeding for the effective cancellation of two of these transactions, but with regard to the third, under which a large number of fully-paid shares of the Amalgamated Company had been given at purchase consideration, a writ had been issued for a rescission of the contract and damages. The fourth transaction was now the subject of inquiry. One of the transactions which the directors considered to be satisfactory was the purchase of the assets of the Constance Rhodesia Gold Mines, Limited. In two of the transactions two of the directors—Dr. Sauer and Mr. Seear—were interested. Considering that these transactions were not to the advantage of the Company, he (the Chairman) had approached those two gentlemen, and in each case they had expressed their willingness that the contract should be rescinded. The property to which he had referred as under investigation was in connection with an option over an alluvial mine in South Colombia, and the contract in connection with which a writ had been issued was a contract with Sir Abe Bailey. He concluded by moving the adoption of the report and accounts.

Mr. John Seear seconded the motion. An amendment for the appointment of a committee was proposed by Mr. Blair and seconded by Mr. Spencer, but withdrawn on the suggestion of Mr. Harry Foster.

Dr. Sauer having spoken, the resolution was then carried unanimously.

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Dr.	LIABILITIES.	BALANCE SHEET: 31st December, 1911.	ASSETS.	Cr.
		£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Capital subscribed, £22,934,100 in 229,341 Shares of £100 each:			Cash in Hand	3,311,502 1 0
paid up £15 10s. per Share		3,554,785 10 0	" in Bank of England	3,171,298 11 3
Reserve Fund—			Money at Call and at Short Notice... ..	6,482,800 12 3
Invested in Consols, Guaranteed 2½ per cent. Stock and Transvaal			Investments—	7,792,816 10 6
Government 3 per Cent. Guaranteed Stock, as per Contra		1,150,000 0 0	Securities of and guaranteed by the British	
Current Accounts		£25,725,035 10 1	India Stock and Indian Railways Guaranteed	2,432,355 6 8
Deposit Accounts		13,636,998 16 0	Bonds	76,667 12 6
		39,423,034 6 1	Corporation Stocks, Railway and Water-	
Acceptances and Guarantees		3,826,543 17 1	works Debenture and Preference Stocks,	
Liabilities by indorsement on Foreign Bills sold		12,736 8 8	Colonial Stocks, Foreign Government and	
Other Accounts, including interest due on Deposits, unclaimed			Railway Debenture Bonds	3,075,412 14 5
Dividends, &c.		653,995 14 11	Other Investments	158,918 0 0
Debate on Bills not due		41,719 4 6	Reserve Fund—	5,743,353 13 7
Profit and Loss—			£818,500 Consols	
Balance brought forward		£215,578 7 4	£816,300 Guaranteed 2½ per cent. Stock	
Net profit for the half-year ending 31st			£560,450 Transvaal Government 3 per cent.	
December, 1911... ..		237,247 4 2	Guaranteed Stock	1,150,000 0 0
		452,825 11 6		6,893,353 13 7
Less Amount provided in Profit and Loss			Bills Discounted—	
Account as below for writing down Investments		60,000 0 0	(a) Three months and under	4,648,801 9 9
		392,825 11 6	(b) Exceeding Three months	838,203 13 6
				5,487,005 3 3
			Loans and Advances	16,654,093 0 0
			Liabilities of Customers on Acceptances and Guarantees, as per	
			Contra	3,826,543 17 1
			Liabilities of Customers for indorsements, as per Contra	19,736 8 8
			Bank Premises, chiefly freehold (at cost or under)	1,505,845 19 6
			Other Accounts, including interest due on Investments, &c.	400,845 7 11
				£49,055,639 12 9

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SEVENTY-NINTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK OF ENGLAND LIMITED.

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CAPITAL—Paid Up	- - - - -	£3,000,000
Uncalled	- - - - -	2,300,000
Reserve Liability	- - - - -	10,600,000
Subscribed Capital	- - - - -	£15,900,000

RESERVE FUND (invested in English Government Securities), **£2,150,000.**

NUMBER OF SHAREHOLDERS, 17,987.

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The Directors have the pleasure to submit the Balance Sheet for the year 1911, and to report that after making provision for all bad and doubtful debts, and for the rebate of discount on current bills, the profit, including **£96,378 12s. 4d.** brought forward, amounts to **£747,681 12s. 7d.**, which has been appropriated, as follows:—

Interim Dividend of 9 per cent., subject to deduction of Income Tax (£15,750), paid in August last	£270,000	0	0
A further dividend of 9 per cent., subject to deduction of Income Tax (£15,750), making 18 per cent. for the year, payable 6th proximo	270,000	0	0
Applied to writing down investments	116,000	0	0
Balance carried forward to 1912	91,681	12	7
	£747,681	12	7

In view of the depreciation in English Government and other Securities, the Directors, have applied £116,000 from profit and loss to write down the Bank's

Investments. Consols now stand in the books at 76, and all other investments at or under market value.

The Directors retiring by rotation are Claude V. E. Laurie, Esq., George F. Malcolmson, Esq., and Robert Wigram, Esq., all of whom, being eligible, offer themselves for re-election.

New branches have been opened at Bridgwater, Whitchurch Road Cardiff, Grangetown Cardiff, Merthyr Tydfil, Penarth, Penmaenmawr, Port Talbot, Reading, St. Asaph, Scunthorpe, Taff's Well, and Weston-super-Mare. And premises have been secured in Bradford, Llanelli, and at 61 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W., where branches will shortly be opened as soon as the necessary alterations have been completed.

In conformity with the Act of Parliament, the Shareholders are required to elect the Auditors and fix their remuneration. Mr. Edwin Waterhouse and Mr. William Barclay Peat (of Messrs. W. B. Peat & Co.), the retiring Auditors, offer themselves for re-election.

BALANCE SHEET, DECEMBER 31, 1911.

CAPITAL—	LIABILITIES.	
40,000 Shares of £75 each, £30 10s. paid	£420,000	0 0
215,000 " £60 " £12 "	2,580,000	0 0
	3,000,000	0 0
RESERVE FUND	£2,150,000	0 0
	5,150,000	0 0
CURRENT, DEPOSIT, and other ACCOUNTS, including rebate on Bills not due, provision for bad and doubtful debts, contingencies, &c.	£2,891,547	18 3
ACCEPTANCES AND ENDORSEMENTS OF FOREIGN BILLS, on Account of Customers	923,326	6 1
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT:		
Balance of Profit and Loss Account, including £96,378 12/4 brought from year 1910...	£747,681	12 7
Less Interim Dividend, 9 per cent. subject to deduction of Income Tax (£15,750) paid in August last	£270,000	0 0
Dividend of 9 per cent. subject to deduction of Income Tax (£15,750) payable 6th February next	270,000	0 0
Applied to writing down Investments	116,000	0 0
	636,000	0 0
Balance carried forward to 1912	91,681	12 7
	£89,056,555	16 11

ASSETS.	
Cash at Bank of England, and at Head Office and Branches	£9,676,141 15 5
Money at Call and Short Notice	6,093,171 4 3
	15,769,312 19 8
INVESTMENTS:—	
English Government Securities	£ s. d. 7,807,227 3 4
(Of which £115,500 is lodged for public accounts)	
Indian and Colonial Government Securities;	
Debt, Guaranteed, and Preference	
Stocks of British Railways; British Corporation	
and Waterworks Stocks	6,552,859 2 2
Canal, Dock, River Conservancy, and other	
Investments	1,121,921 7 5
	15,482,007 12 11
BILLS DISCOUNTED, LOANS, &c.	36,195,417 13 10
LIABILITY OF CUSTOMERS for ACCEPTANCES, &c., as per Contra	923,326 6 1
BANK PREMISES in London and Country	686,491 4 5

M. O. FITZGERALD,
G. F. MALCOLMSON,
ROBERT WIGRAM, } Directors.

R. T. HAINES,
T. ESTALL,
D. J. H. CUNNICK, } Joint General Managers.

REPORT OF THE AUDITORS TO THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK OF ENGLAND, LTD.
We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books at the Head Office and with the Returns from the Branches. We have satisfied ourselves as to the correctness of the Cash Balances, and have verified the Investments held by the Bank, and the Securities held against money at call and Short Notice at the Head Office. We have obtained all the information and explanations we have required. In our opinion such Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs, according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the Books and Returns of the Company.

EDWIN WATERHOUSE,
WILLIAM BARCLAY PEAT, } Auditors.
Chartered Accountants.

January 16, 1912.

The National Provincial Bank of England, Limited, having numerous branches in England and Wales, as well as Agents and Correspondents at home and abroad, affords great facilities to its customers, who may have money transmitted to the credit of their Accounts through any of the Branches free of charge.

At Head Office and Metropolitan Branches, Deposits are received and interest allowed thereon at the rates advertised by the Bank in the London newspapers from time to time, and current accounts are conducted on the usual terms.

At the Country Branches Current Accounts are opened, Deposits received, and all other Banking business conducted.

The Bank undertakes the Agency of Private and Joint Stock Banks, also the

Purchase and Sale of all British and Foreign Stocks and Shares, and the collection of Dividends, Annuities, &c.

Circular Notes and Letters of Credit, payable at the principal towns abroad, are issued for the use of Travellers.

The Officers of the Bank are bound to secrecy as regards the transactions of its customers.

Copies of the Annual Report of the Bank, Lists of Branches, Agents and Correspondents, may be had on application at the Head Office, and at any of the Bank's Branches.

LONDON COUNTY & WESTMINSTER BANK

(ESTABLISHED IN 1836.) LTD.

CAPITAL **£14,000,000, IN 700,000 SHARES OF £20 EACH.**
PAID-UP CAPITAL ... **£3,500,000.** | **RESERVE FUND** ... **£4,000,000.**

The Rt. Hon. The VISCOUNT GOSCHEN, *Chairman.*WALTER LEAF, Esq., *Deputy-Chairman.***Joint Managers.**ALFRED MAYO HAWTHORN (*Head Office*).THOMAS JAMES RUSSELL (*Colonies and Agencies*).FRANK WILLIAM HOWETT (*Country*).**Joint Secretaries.**

AUSTIN ARROW KEMPE.

GEOFFREY PAGET.

HEAD OFFICE **41 LOTHBURY, E.C.**
LOMBARD STREET OFFICE, 21 LOMBARD STREET, E.C.

WEST END OFFICE 1 ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, S.W.
 FOREIGN BRANCH... .. 82 CORNHILL, E.C.

BALANCE SHEET, 31st DECEMBER, 1911.

LIABILITIES.			ASSETS.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
CAPITAL—Subscribed	£14,000,000		CASH—		
700,000 Shares of £20 each, £5 paid	3,500,000	0 0	In hand, and at Bank of		
RESERVE	£4,050,000		England	12,640,171	0 8
Transferred to Investment Accounts			At Call and Short Notice	12,708,231	6 11
(Depreciation)	50,000			25,348,402	7 7
CURRENT AND DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS	80,990,188	17 11	BILLS DISCOUNTED	17,623,169	13 4
CIRCULAR NOTES, LETTERS OF CREDIT, COM-			INVESTMENTS—		
MISSION LOANS, AND OTHER ACCOUNTS,			Consols (of which £1,352,000		
including provision for contingencies	1,595,119	1 6	is lodged for Public Ac-		
ACCEPTANCES FOR CUSTOMERS	5,390,360	15 1	counts), and other Securities		
LIABILITY BY ENDORSEMENT (Bills negotiated			of, or guaranteed by, the		
for Customers)	18,107	16 11	British Government	5,277,791	4 5
Contingent Liability on Endorse-			Indian Government Stock,		
ments	£72,273		and Indian Government		
REBATE ON BILLS not due	84,730	10 5	Guaranteed Railway Stocks		
PROFIT AND LOSS BALANCE, as below	515,641	0 8	and Debentures	1,553,179	13 0
			Colonial Government Secur-		
			ities, British Corporation		
			Stocks, and British Railway		
			Debenture Stocks	1,729,048	5 0
			Other Investments	1,107,591	4 7
				9,667,610	7 0
			ADVANCES TO CUSTOMERS AND		
			OTHER ACCOUNTS	36,465,019	15 7
			LIABILITY OF CUSTOMERS FOR		
			ACCEPTANCES, as per contra	5,390,360	15 1
			LIABILITY OF CUSTOMERS FOR		
			ENDORSEMENT, as per contra	18,107	16 11
			BANK AND OTHER PREMISES		
			(at cost, less amounts written off)	1,581,477	7 0
				£96,094,148	2 6

This statement does not include the Bank's liability under its guarantee to the Yorkshire Penny Bank Limited, for £223,214.

£96,094,148 2 6

Dr.			PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.			Cr.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.		£	s. d.
To Interest paid to Customers	726,571	3 7	By Balance brought forward from 31st December, 1910	156,229	1 10			
Salaries and all other expenses, including Income Tax and Auditors' and Directors' Remuneration	1,148,423	4 9	Gross Profit for the year, after making provision for Bad Debts and Contingencies, and including Rebate brought forward from 31st Dec. last	2,871,016	17 7			
Rebate on Bills not due carried to New Account	84,730	10 5						
Interim Dividend of 10½ per cent. paid in August last	371,875	0 0						
Investment Accounts (Depreciation)	130,000	0 0						
Bank Premises Account	50,000	0 0						
Further Dividend of 10½ per cent., payable 1st February next (making 21¼ per cent. for the year)	£371,875	0 0						
Balance carried forward	143,766	0 8						
	515,641	0 8						
	£3,027,245	19 5					£3,027,245	19 5

GOSCHEN,
WALTER LEAF,
E. CLIFTON BROWN, } *Directors.*

A. M. HAWTHORN,
T. J. RUSSELL,
F. W. HOWETT, } *Joint Managers.*
T. J. CARPENTER, *Chief Accountant.*

AUDITORS' REPORT.

We have examined the above Balance Sheet and compared it with the Books at Lothbury and Lombard Street, and the Certified Returns received from the Branches.

We have verified the Cash in hand at Lothbury and Lombard Street and at the Bank of England and the Bills Discounted, and examined the Securities held against Money at Call and Short Notice, and those representing the Investments of the Bank.

We have obtained all the information and explanations we have required, and in our opinion the Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us, and as shown by the Books of the Company.

FRED. JOHN YOUNG, F.C.A., } *Auditors.*
G. E. SENDELL, F.C.A., }

LONDON, 15th January, 1912.

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